

# MEN PAST 40



The Excelsior Medical Clinic is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific diagnosis and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is an assurance that your physical conditions may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

## Treatments Are Particularly for Men

The Excelsior Medical Clinic is an institution devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health and adding years of happiness to their lives.

### Facilities for the Non-Surgical Treatment of Rectal and Colon and Reducible Hernia

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

Our NON-SURGICAL methods of treating Hernia are so certain that every patient accepted for treatment is given a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance.

Our Hernia treatments require no hospitalization, anesthesia or a long expensive period of convalescence.

We have the facilities to treat either of these disorders with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

# FREE

**ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION**

The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It tells how new modern non-surgical methods are proving successful. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

# Who are Troubled with Bladder Trouble Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor The Cause may be Glandular Inflammation

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the usual signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragic, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight. . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

## NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Medical Clinic have been the result of over 30 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of non-surgical treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation, Rectal, Colon or Hernia trouble.

During the past few years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by.

### COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and the cost of the treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

### Definite Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

### Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

## DO SOMETHING TODAY

Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.

Excelsior Medical Clinic  
Dept. B 2872  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once, without obligation, your New FREE Book on NON-SURGICAL Treatment of Diseases I am interested in full information on the Disorder of (Please Check Box) ☐ Rectal ☐ Hernia ☐ Prostate/Gland ☐ Glandular Inflammation

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# NIRESK Spring SALE

**MONEY-BACK  
GUARANTEE  
•  
IMMEDIATE  
DELIVERY**

Fully immersible — 12" square  
automatic electric  
**FRY PAN**

**SPECIALY PRICED**  
**\$8.95**  
**ALUMINUM COVER**

EASY-TO-CLEAN  
SUNBURST FINISH



**15-IN-1 KITCHEN APPLIANCE**  
Frypan • Cooker • Roaster • Griller •  
Broiler • Steamer • Blender • Sautéer •  
Dish • Cakes • Popper • Steamer •  
Grill • Roast • Bake • Casserole

HIGH DOME  
COFFERTONE  
OR ALUMINUM  
COVER

HANDY FRYING  
GUIDE

INSULATED  
HEATPROOF LEGS

**FULLY IMMERSIBLE!**

PLUG-IN  
THERMOSTAT  
(engineered and  
produced by G.E.)

JEWELLED  
SIGNAL  
LIGHT

- COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
- HUGE COOKING CAPACITY
- AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL
- PERFECT COOKING ALWAYS

MODERN  
DESIGN

- Lightweight
- Portable
- Range-Type
- Heats 4 Times  
Faster
- Easy-to-Clean



Under Water  
Handle and All

Lowest price ever for a fully automatic electric skillet! Now you can cook at the dinner table—even outdoors! Just plug it in—select the correct temperature for the food you are cooking (temperature guide is right on the handle). The Automatic Temperature Control guarantees you meet to perfection family size meals. Makes servings of chicken, broise & fish, roast, bake pies and cakes or three frozen birds. Serves as a casserole, chafing dish, blancher or steamer. Coffertone or aluminum cover. 110-120 Volts AC. Fully guaranteed!

**MAKE COFFEE  
THE EASY  
MODERN WAY**

**Smart-Modern  
Design**

**FULLY-AUTOMATIC  
Flavoramic COFFEEMAKER!**

**BUY DIRECT AND SAVE! COMPARE AT 3 TIMES OUR PRICE!**

- Makes perfect coffee!
- No waiting or waiting!
- Brews from 4 to 15 cups!
- Brand-new 1960 model!
- Money-back guarantee!
- Not a close-out!

Here's a coffee-lover's dream come true—  
at a price you can afford right now! FLAVORAMIC puts an end to coffee waiting and guesswork—perfect coffee every time! Set Automatic Flavor Selector for the strength of coffee you desire—Strong, Medium or Mild. Signal light flashes on when coffee is ready. Automatic temperature control maintains proper serving temperature of coffee, without increasing the strength. Engineered with a genuine WESTINGHOUSE Thermostat. 2 automatic heating units keep coffee piping hot for hours! Stain-proof, stain-proof with gold anodized base. 110 Volts AC. UL approved.

**\$29.95 VALUE!**  
**\$8.95**  
**FULLY GUARANTEED**



New Safety  
Guard  
Handle

Automatic  
Signal  
Light

Non-Tarnish  
Gleaming  
Mirror Finish

Automatic  
Coffee  
Shut-off

Automatic  
Flavor  
Selector

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

**NIREK INDUSTRIES, Inc., Chicago 47, Ill. Dept. EW-14**

Please rush at once on **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

- ☐ Fry Pan (Aluminum Cover) \$8.95 plus 50¢ post. & handling.
- ☐ Fry Pan (Coffertone Cover) \$9.95 plus 50¢ post. & handling.
- ☐ Flavoramic Coffeemaker \$8.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling.
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage. ☐ I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ plus \$\_\_\_\_\_ for postage and handling.





# 'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make each month. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pangs of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillac, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page away—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read farther. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of immemorial laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can think your way to riches without effort, is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be earned! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

## I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no poor man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept

something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

## A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated with out outside help. It is a business that is good manner and winder. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence and still free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

## Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy putting into a pile of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business. I have found to be successful. After that, you make the decision.

## Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON

1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-47-C  
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

# HOME WIRING BECOMES ONE BIG TV ANTENNA!



Imagine TV reception! Our wonderful new device can make any television set TV antenna now available to everyone everywhere. This wonderful new **TOP SECRET** will make you nothing less than the greatest television receiver ever conceived. Completely safe and it never wears out! Once you own this never have to see one more TV again! For the best reception you ever seen it's up to you, not us, to guarantee perfect results. All stations in your viewing area can be seen and you'll get the clearest pictures in town. You'll be amazed, truly amazed! You may also connect **TOP SECRET** to your present antenna.

## WHY PAY A LARGLAND A YEK FOR A TV ANTENNA? SAVE MONEY!

You spent a fortune on your set and now spending more money repairing it. Forget it! Buy **TOP SECRET** TV repair kit and more. Every single year your receiver needs more and more. It's the oldest, easiest! But this one is the best at your TV station. If you live in an apartment, you probably have a **Clamp** three foot long, rubberized antenna. If you own your own house, you probably have a so called large antenna on your roof. The cost to install it was probably about \$100.00. And so what happens? Alone contains a shock and down comes the poor antenna. After that there you turn on your set and the whole mess with kelp picture is back again maybe worse!

**HOW: NEW LIVING TV VIEWING**  
But now you can use an antenna that's not 3, not 30, but hundreds of feet long. As long as the wiring is good, you can use it to get the best house wiring you want for you to about five dollars. **TOP SECRET** TV repair kit. The price of an amazing new work of \$4.95. Use the wires in the wall of your house for free and you'll be pleased.

**START GETTING MAXIMUM PULLING POWER FROM YOUR HOUSEWIRING WITH **TOP SECRET** EN YOUR MONEY BACK**

It works in any year, more or about TV set ever made. No guarantee you want to 30% satisfied or you get every cent back!

**AMAZE YOUR FAMILY WITH SUPER TV RECEIVING**

As soon as you receive your **TOP SECRET** you

can forget about costly antique antenna repair bills you can put aside those unsightly rabbit ears. To receive the **TOP SECRET** in your set takes only about 3 minutes and a screwdriver. You don't need any more tools. **TOP SECRET** pig it into the nearest electric outlet and one foot wire to your set and it's mounted forever—no more can do. If you just unplug your present antenna and use the **TOP SECRET** and plug it in to the outlet. Now turn on the set. You'll get the clearest pictures and every detail (channel) will show you as clearly as if you had a new antenna. And get every cent back. Try it—you are the sole judge! Your money back at all times. No questions asked.

## FROM THE LATEST ADVANCEMENT IN RADAR ELECTRONIC RESEARCH TO THE **TOP SECRET** RADAR ANTENNA!

Now with the latest development of Electronic Radar Research now introducing TV reception. **TOP SECRET** is an improvement. You can't believe your eyes. And today for the tribute **TOP SECRET** will not only give you the best and turn them into living TV. **TOP SECRET** is the only TV that can be used in three ways—try it on our money back guarantee—and for 10-day. Mail Coupon Now.

**PRACTICAL RESEARCH CO.**  
Dept. 106, 440 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Reach us **TOP SECRET** to try at your risk. I want to 100% satisfied or I can return it after 10 days. No more and get my money back. I can be the sole judge. I enclose \$4.95 cash or M.O. and please provide a return slip to the package by sending old receipt with it. I will send you a written and dated guarantee with my order and I want be delighted with the reception of every station released in top areas or I get my money back.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Scholarship Nominees

A GRANT of \$1,000 to some police officer, to be used to further his education at the college level in the 1968-1969 academic year, will be made shortly by **OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES** Magazine with the cooperation of Sheriff Hugh Anderson of Borger, Texas, past president of the National Sheriffs' Association, and Deputy Chief of Police George Otlevich of Chicago, past president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Here are some of the policemen suggested for that award by their superior officers:

**DETECTIVE WILLIAM PAUL MCCLURE** (left), homicide squad, Miami Police Department, Miami, Florida. A native of Youngstown, Ohio, McClure served throughout World War II in the paratrooper. He has been with the Miami department since 1947, has studied at the Florida police academy, the Dade County police academy, Bolson academy, LaSalle Extension University, Southern Police Institute and the University of Miami. His specialties include fingerprint science, photography, police science and administration and law. McClure hopes to complete his courses for a bachelor's degree at the University of Miami. He is a judo expert.



**DEPUTY SHERIFF CHARLES R. ALLEN** (right) of Ogile County, Illinois, has been a law-enforcement officer for fourteen years. Upon his release from the Marines after World War II, he became a member of the police force in Rochelle, Illinois. He left that post to accept an appointment to the Illinois state police and left the state force to return to Rochelle as chief. In November, 1954, he was elected sheriff of Ogile County. When his term expired he was appointed to his present post as deputy. He holds two distinguished service awards for capturing an armed bandit and kidnaper.



**DESPITE** the amount of publicity which is given to the attempt to solve crimes of violence, the major problem of any police force today is that of traffic control. So believes Patrolman Lawrence D. Tilles (left) of the Washington state highway patrol. His duties along the highways have led to the capture of at least two motorists and badly wanted criminals when they attempted to slip past road blocks he had set up. Tilles, who was born in Iowa, served in the Navy and became a highway patrolman in 1954. One of his ambitions at present is to become a helicopter pilot in the belief that the use of helicopters in traffic regulation and control is inevitable.



**NEW! KINLEN**  
**Condo-Truss**  
patented  
**GUARANTEED TO HOLD YOUR RUPTURE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Now . . . say goodbye to rupture misery! Put on the amazing Condo-Truss and see how hernia pain and discomfort fade away instantly. Condo-Truss weighs just 2½ ounces—yet holds your reducible inguinal hernia as gently and firmly as you can retain it with your hand! Body band is made of soft, perforated-foam rubber covered on outside with strong, precious cloth. Soft hand-sized foam rubber grain pad. Adjustable padded leg strap. No laces, no snaps—quick, one-buckle adjustment. **NO FITTING.** Designed so that pad **MUST REMAIN LOW AND IN PLACE.** Cool, washable. For men and women. No better truss on the market—yet **UNBELIEVABLY LOW PRICES!** Send check, cash, money order . . . give measurement around lowest part of abdomen and state whether hernia is left side, right side or double.

**KINLEN COMPANY** Dept. OF-40C  
809 Wyandotte St. Kansas City 5, Mo.

Kinlen Co. Dept. OF-40C  
809 Wyandotte St. Kansas City 5, Mo.

I enclose \$ ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order for \_\_\_\_\_ Condo-Trusses. My rupture is \_\_\_\_\_ left side \_\_\_\_\_ right side \_\_\_\_\_ double. Measurement around lowest part of abdomen is \_\_\_\_\_ inches. Send COO.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**\$3.95** for left or right

**\$4.95** for double

Add 25¢ for postage and handling

**10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

# ROYAL JELLY, the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

**5** complete 30 day supply  
MILLIGRAMS of  
PURE NATURAL  
**ROYAL JELLY**  
**JENASOL** \$2.00  
FORMULA mg. 30  
value \$1.00

These are the 35 ingredients in every Jenasol Capsule:

**GENASOL... FOR VITALITY, ENERGY & POWER!**

Ascorbic Acid 25 mg.	Calcium 10 mg.	Iron 1 mg.	Phosphorus 10 mg.
Biotin 10 mg.	Copper 1 mg.	Lead 1 mg.	Protein 10 mg.
Choline 10 mg.	Cyanide 1 mg.	Lithium 1 mg.	Starch 10 mg.
Glucose 10 mg.	Fluorine 1 mg.	Magnesium 10 mg.	Sugar 10 mg.
Vitamin A 10 mg.	Gold 1 mg.	Nickel 1 mg.	Sulfur 10 mg.
Vitamin B 10 mg.	Mercury 1 mg.	Platinum 10 mg.	Tin 10 mg.
Vitamin C 10 mg.	Neon 1 mg.	Rubidium 10 mg.	Zinc 10 mg.
Vitamin D 10 mg.	Argon 1 mg.	Selenium 10 mg.	
Vitamin E 10 mg.	Barium 1 mg.	Silver 10 mg.	
Vitamin F 10 mg.	Boron 1 mg.	Sodium 10 mg.	
Vitamin G 10 mg.	Bromine 1 mg.	Tellurium 10 mg.	
Vitamin H 10 mg.	Chlorine 1 mg.	Vanadium 10 mg.	
Vitamin I 10 mg.	Cobalt 1 mg.	Yttrium 10 mg.	
Vitamin J 10 mg.	Cadmium 1 mg.	Zirconium 10 mg.	
Vitamin K 10 mg.	Cerium 1 mg.		
Vitamin L 10 mg.	Chromium 1 mg.		
Vitamin M 10 mg.	Copper 1 mg.		
Vitamin N 10 mg.	Gold 1 mg.		
Vitamin O 10 mg.	Iron 1 mg.		
Vitamin P 10 mg.	Lead 1 mg.		
Vitamin Q 10 mg.	Lithium 1 mg.		
Vitamin R 10 mg.	Magnesium 10 mg.		
Vitamin S 10 mg.	Nickel 1 mg.		
Vitamin T 10 mg.	Platinum 10 mg.		
Vitamin U 10 mg.	Protein 10 mg.		
Vitamin V 10 mg.	Starch 10 mg.		
Vitamin W 10 mg.	Sugar 10 mg.		
Vitamin X 10 mg.	Sulfur 10 mg.		
Vitamin Y 10 mg.	Tin 10 mg.		
Vitamin Z 10 mg.	Zinc 10 mg.		

**ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress of 3,000 Doctors**

The men of Modern Science have expressed their belief in Royal Jelly, stating that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANTING POWERS. General R. J. Forrester, M.D., is the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional factors. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "General R. J. Forrester, M.D.", makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol 35" or "Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. Perinelle, 38-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, and the Vice President, must have known to his Ancient Indian, Greek and Roman, and might have been the "Food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

**Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed Its Use Directly**

• Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.

• Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new vision.

• Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

• Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.

• Candidar studies may lead to new hope for men and women.

• Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and causes laughter.

**DISCOVERER OF INSULIN**  
**Dr. Frederick Banting**

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting, who in 1914, some 20 years before he died, was the discoverer of Insulin."

"TEXAS A. M. COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. E. TOWNSEND of OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY has been conducting research on Royal Jelly..."

**Royal Jelly Reported to Help These**

• Mental Depression... • Loss of Appetite... • Weakness... • Digestive Disturbances... • Headaches... • Decreased Vigor... • Nervousness... • Aches and Pains... • Irritability.

**Jenasol Formula 50 Capsules**

Entirely on Approval!

We feel sure that JENASOL may be the blessing you have been seeking for. It is so simple to use that you can get it to you on a complete NO RISK, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

ROYAL JELLY CAPSULES each day. Then you are not completely satisfied they have helped you to feel younger; to enjoy easier sleep; to have a calmer disposition; and to have a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. The simple return of the empty capsules to JENASOL CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try JENASOL on your excesses and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You need be troubled with no side effects, no ill consequences.

**NECESSARILY LIMITED** as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATLY DEMAND ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL PRODUCT, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to JENASOL.

Don't delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you find good good news... that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."



Office in: Canada, Germany, Japan, Puerto Rico, Spain, Cuba, Japan.

**Life May Begin Again After 40 or Queen Bee's Natural Food Stimulates Man's Vitality and Drive**

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey; and has baffled scientists since its discovery in 1914, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Boudard, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is not honey, but a secretion excreted in the heads of worker bees whose job it is to nurse.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world. In 1914, for instance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of her difference between herself and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to the age, whereas the 15 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few days.

The Queen Bee lays large like all the rest, but the eggs of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are water and pollen, plus honey, working in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miraculous food" ROYAL JELLY.

**Men Doctor's Prescription Necessary**

1. Order ROYAL JELLY with complete sex help. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense! JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly, located in the heart of the QUARTER, A MILLION PEOPLE—in the U.S.A. and 45 foreign countries; 22 E. 17th St., Dept. QJ, New York 3, N. Y.

**Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life**

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# WHOSE BULLET for the DETECTIVE?

It was a one-man war against law and order in  
Gainesville, Florida—and who was that man?

By L. E. Stapleton

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**S**OMEONE had killed the prosecuting attorney's wife.

That was the incredible news flashed in to the sheriff's office in Gainesville, Florida, very early—just after midnight—the morning of August 24. Someone had shot down lovely, prominent Marilyn Fagan and left her lying in her own blood on her own front porch and only a few feet from her unsuspecting children.

What was this? The first step in an all-out gangland war against law and authority? Personal vengeance on the part of some criminal? Prosecutor Oose Fagan had sent to prison? Or something else, something even darker and more mysterious?

Oose, in his mid-30's, was the Alachua County prosecutor. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man whose hair was turning prematurely gray. As a prosecutor, he'd waged a vigorous campaign against crime and corruption in the area. Bulla operates and bookies were his prime target. And he'd done a good job so good that he had been snubbed in the primary the previous May. Oose Fagan was looked upon as a corner in state politics.

Marilyn Fagan, an extremely pretty woman, was considered a perfect wife for the young prosecutor. She and Oose had met in college and married when he finished law school. She was in her early 30's, dark-haired and statuesque. Active in church and community affairs, she was considered the perfect housewife. Maybe just right for the governor's mansion.

The up-and-coming young prosecutor and his pretty, charming wife and three children were well respected in the community. It was a happy marriage.

That evening Oose had gone to choir practice. He returned before midnight, trying to be extra quiet. He walked through the kitchen into the living room. Six-year-old Lynn, their oldest, was asleep on the couch, with the television going. He carried her up to her room and went back downstairs. Something was peculiar about Marilyn telling her stay up so late, he thought.

He noticed the front door standing ajar and the windows in the porch. He went back to the house, dashed, and to the telephone to call the sheriff.

At breakfast, Governor Leroy Collins

read about the slaying of the Alachua County prosecutor's wife on page one of the local morning newspaper. He was shocked. The governor sent a telegram to the Gainesville police expressing hope for a speedy solution to the case.

The story was on page one of newspapers throughout the state, the killing became the number one topic of conversation. Members of the Florida Judicial Bar Association posted a \$1,500 reward for the slayer's arrest and conviction. The Gainesville Sun contributed an additional \$500.

All this put Chief Deputy Lu Hindery and Lieutenant Bob Angell, conducting the investigation for the Gainesville police department, on the spot.

Their preliminary investigation at the scene of the crime the previous night revealed that Marilyn Fagan was killed by a .22-caliber bullet which went through the left arm into her heart, causing almost instant death. Scuff marks were found at the side of the house near a window. Robbery was eliminated as a motive since nothing was missing from the house and an expensive engagement ring and gold wedding band were still on the victim's finger.

Lynn, the little girl, had heard the front doorbell ring at about ten. Absorbed in the program she was watching, she'd thought it was a neighbor at the door. She hadn't heard a shot, and she hadn't seen her mother afterward.

A neighbor had seen a stocky man of medium height and wearing a checkered shirt in the neighborhood earlier in the evening. Another neighbor, a woman, had seen a blue convertible parked near the Fagan home about 10:30 that evening. She'd been closing her window blinds and she saw a couple get in the car and drive off hurriedly. When the car passed under a street light, she noticed that it had white-wall tires and a "Vote for Collins" sticker on the rear bumper.

Only the day before, Hindery had received a telephone call from Detective Captain Bennett Lee of the Jacksonville police about a young couple that had burglarized a number of the more expensive homes in the Avondale and Springfield sections of that city. They were driving a blue 1965 Plymouth convertible with white-wall tires.

In the Fagan neighborhood a number of officers had searched the fields, back yards and trash cans for the murder gun. Arrangements were also made for the public works department to search the sewers. A house-to-house canvass of the entire northwest section was made.

Nothing had been discovered. In the morning Hindery and Angell went through court records in hopes of finding someone who might have had it in for Fagan.

They came up with only two possibilities. One, a man named Sam Boxer, had threatened the young prosecutor at the conclusion of his trial for assault.

"I remember him," said Angell. "He's got a nasty temper."

"According to the records, he was released from Raiford three weeks ago," Hindery said.

The other one was Billy Bond, who in the county jail had told one of the trustees that he was going to get Fagan. Bond had been out of prison for more than four months.

"He doesn't seem too hot," Angell said. "But let's look him up anyway. There's only one other angle. Somebody in the country-club section was shooting off a rifle last night and a bullet went into a woman's house. Maybe we have one of those crazy snipers around here."

Billy Bond was serving time in Duval County for breaking and entering and could not have had anything to do with the murder. Sam Boxer was picked up late that afternoon by Deputy Sheriff Roland Johnson.

"HE WAS buying a bus ticket for Ft. Miami when we found him," explained the deputy.

"Why were you leaving town?" Hindery asked the man.

"Why do you think?" snapped Boxer. "I got word that you were looking for me, that's why."

"Where were you last night?"

Boxer denied that he'd had anything to do with Mrs. Fagan's murder and claimed he was playing cards with some friends when the crime was committed. A quick phone call revealed that he was telling the truth. When the witness who had seen a man across the street from the Fagan home failed to identify him, he was released.

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"How about talking with the woman who says a sniper shot at her last night," suggested Angel. "It's about the only lead left."

They drove to the country-church precinct, where they found the woman on her knees.

"After they were seated, Hindery said, 'I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me what happened last night, ma'am.'"

"I thought I told everything to the police," she said. "Do I have to do this again?"

"If you don't mind. You might remember something you didn't think of last night."

She struggled. "It was around a quarter after nine when the doorbell rang. I went to the door and looked out, but nobody was there. So I turned away and I heard the rifle shot and the bullet hit the wall a few inches from my head. That's all."

The doorbell had rung at Mrs. Fagan's home, too, a few minutes before she was shot.

Angel dug this bullet out of the wall. It was apparently a .32 caliber—the same size as the bullet that had killed Mrs. Fagan.

"Do you have any idea who it was?" he asked the woman.

She hesitated. "My husband had some trouble with one of his employees while back, a deaf mute named Phil Sinner. I don't want to get anyone in trouble, but it could have been him. He's got quite a temper, and he's always carrying a rifle around."

Angel explained the woman said that Sinner had been fired from his job in March because of inefficiency. He had posted her husband almost daily at work, but it could have been him. The whole thing came to a head on April 18, when Sinner created a disturbance at

a Rotary meeting. He was arrested on a trespassing charge and sentenced to the city stockade for fifteen days.

Fagan, the officers knew, would have prosecuted such a case.

"Do you have Sinner's address?" asked Hindery.

"He's got a bungalow on Twelfth Terrace."

BACK at headquarters, Hindery had a phone call waiting from Sheriff P. D. Reddish said. "They were driving a blue fifty-five Plymouth convertible, and they admit being on Eleventh Road in Gainesville last night around ten o'clock. They were calling on some friends who weren't home, they say."

"Any guns?"

"None."

"I'd check their story and call you back," said Hindery. "What's the name of the friends?"

The chief deputy needed only ten minutes to learn that the couple had been telling the truth. He immediately relayed the information to Sheriff Reddish and the couple was released.

Meanwhile the lab reported that a ballistic test of the bullet which killed Mrs. Fagan and the one that narrowly had missed the housewife in the country-club area proved they were both fired from the same gun.

"Let's go talk with Phil Sinner," Hindery said.

When they arrived at the house, they learned that the Singers had moved. They left a couple of months ago. The new resident said "I understood that the woman next door knew them very well."

Size did indeed. "Susan Sinner divorced Phil and went back to her parents in Cleveland while he was in the stockade," she said. "She stood his temper tantrums as long as she could, and I don't blame her. Phil stayed around town, though. I saw him just a couple of days ago."

"How was he dressed?" Hindery asked.

"Let me see," she said. "Oh, yes. He was wearing slacks and a checkered sports shirt."

The officers notified Cleveland police to talk with Mrs. Sinner's parents. Fagan, County Judge H. H. McDonald, who had sentenced Sinner, and Sheriff J. M. Crevasse, who had arrested him, were given police protection. New York police were asked to put a 24-hour watch on the home of Sinner's mother.

An all-points bulletin describing the suspect was broadcast. It said that he was armed and dangerous.

A look into Sinner's background disclosed that he had been in trouble with police since he was sixteen and had spent time in New York, Atlanta and Miami jails.

Cleveland police reported that Sinner had shown up at his in-law's five days after being released from the Gainesville stockade and had left again.

And there the investigation hit bit a snag. Deaf mutes were picked up, questioned and released. The FBI entered the case on the premise that Sinner had crossed a state line to avoid prosecution.

Thousands of flyers were distributed. Pressure on the local police was mounting.

Once Pagan called Hindery and Angel several times a day to see how they were doing. A second telegram from the governor arrived. The newspapers kept the case alive with constant stories. Hindery sent the FBI flyer to

every deaf-mute periodical in the country and Canada.

And still he was not found . . .

JAMES SMITH finished his lobster J truck as a bookie operator on the Winnipeg Star and decided to go to the deaf-mute society on his way home. He was a vice president of the organization.

On the bus he glanced through a periodical for deaf mutes. There he saw a picture of Henry Miller, one of the owner members. Only the caption called him Phil Sinner and said he was a fugitive from justice.

Smith jumped off the bus and took a cab to police headquarters.

He wrote a note to the desk lieutenant, pointing to the picture in the paper. He also jotted down Miller's address and offered to take the police there.

At the boarding house Inspector James Tol found Sinner in bed, fast asleep. A .32-caliber revolver with two empty chambers was in a drawer.

Sinner was arraigned in Winnipeg Magistrate's Court the next day and charged with having an unregistered revolver in his possession. Sixteen days later, on November 24, he was turned over to the FBI office in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

On March 5, 1937, Circuit Court Judge John A. H. Murphy in Gainesville sentenced Sinner to die in the electric chair in Raiford State Prison. Sinner's attorney, Hollis Knight, appealed the case to the Florida Supreme Court. A retrial was ordered, and on June 16, 1939, Sinner was found guilty, but this time with a recommendation for mercy. Accordingly, he was sentenced to life imprisonment.

In this story the names Sam Boser and Billy Bond are fictitious.



ON PAGE 21 of this issue is the story of a sixteen-year-old Philadelphia girl who accepted, or was forced to accept, a ride with a stranger. The girl was tortured and killed.

The story on page 47 describes the hunt for a Canadian deviate who killed two Winnipeg boys, terrorized many others.

As regular readers of OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES Magazine will remember, the alaying of a young PARAMUS, New Jersey, girl prompted Bergen County Prosecutor Guy W. Calissi to draw up a "Code for Survival," in an effort to save the lives of other young people. At that time, this magazine undertook the printing and distribution of copies of the code to give them the widest circulation possible.

The offer of free copies of this code has been renewed whenever current cases underline its vital importance.

The ten points of Prosecutor Calissi's code follow:

1. Never hitchhike; never accept rides from persons you do not know.
2. Never take money, candy or gifts of any kind from any stranger.
3. Never go with strangers who ask you for directions to some place.
4. Never go inside another person's home without first telling your parents.
5. Never agree to work for strangers without approval of your parents.
6. Never play alone in alleys, in woods, on the beach, or in deserted buildings.
7. Never wait around public washrooms in schools, theaters or buildings. Always leave immediately.
8. Never let strangers touch you. Tell your parents immediately if any attempt is made.
9. Use the buddy system—take along a pal or playmate—when you go to the playground, the beach or on a hike.
10. Don't tarry on the way. When you start for school home or some other place, move along swiftly. If you have to be late, telephone ahead.

Copies of the Code for Survival printed on postcard size will be mailed without charge to any police department or any organization dealing with juveniles, on request. Simply address The Editor, OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES, 408 North Broad Street, Philadelphia 1, Pennsylvania; use the official letterhead of your organization and indicate how many copies of the code you wish.

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# Louisiana's Campus Tragedy



Doctor Margaret Rosamond McMillan was a professor of biology and a research expert. Was she also just another woman in love?

## What Happened to Doctor McMillan?

The brilliant biologist traveled from New Orleans to Baton Rouge to keep a date with death. What man had set that date up for her?

**S**UNDAY morning, January 16, 1960—the morning the body was found—began cold and foggy in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. A light wind, blowing in off the Gulf of Mexico, whipped the fog about like restless curtains in the darkness that precedes the dawn and a hint of more rain was in the air.

It was the rain that Roger Darham was worried about as his truck proceeded slowly, the lights pointing an

uncertain path through the fog, along River Road south out of Baton Rouge. The Mississippi River already was running bank full and more rain would send its swelling waters edging up the sides of the levee. And that meant trouble. Since he was foreman of a levee-reconstruction crew, Darham's job was to see that the levee was secure.

As he braked for a turn onto a private road which leads to the river bank, six miles south of Baton Rouge, he glanced

at his watch, noting that it was 6:30 a. m. Another five minutes, he thought, and he would be at the river.

The truck made a bouncing turn, straightened and then, with a startled exclamation, Darham slammed his foot hard against the brake pedal. Just ahead of him he saw a small, four-wheeled car, parked in the center of the one-lane road. And on the ground behind the car, lying in a pool of blood, was the body of a woman.

For a long moment Darham sat there, gripping the steering wheel, watching the fog wrapping past his headlights, feeling that heavy sense of foreboding which comes to all men who accidentally stumble upon the worst crime of all—the taking of a human life.

Mastering an impulse to run, Darham cautiously opened his door and stepped down to the ground. He followed his headlights to the spot where the woman lay. A glance told him that she was be-



Two of the many witnesses: James Verdazh, left, who told the victim gas for the wrong car, and Crawford Olson, who wondered about another car

yond all help. The back of her head had been crushed with a heavy weapon.

Durham peered into the car, a small French Renault. It was empty.

He climbed back into his truck, shifted into reverse and backed out to the highway. Then, ignoring the dangers of the heavy fog and the threatening river, he sped back to Baton Rouge to notify the sheriff's office of his grisly discovery.

The fog was lifting with the approach of dawn when Sheriff Bryan Clemmons, his chief criminal deputy, J. B. Kling, Jr., and Deputies George W. LeBlanc and C. B. Johnston arrived at the scene with Doctor Chester A. Williams, corner of East Baton Rouge Parish.

**T**HE WOMAN was lying face down, about three feet to the rear of the small car. She was a woman, Sheriff Clemmons judged to be between 35 and 40, attractive although a little plump. She wore an expensive suit and shoes, an unopened handbag was looped over her left arm.

Her arms were outstretched, her fingers clutched, as in a death grip, a pack of cigarettes and book of matches bearing the name of a Baton Rouge restaurant. On the ground about four feet away was a pair of woman's eyeglasses, apparently knocked from the victim's face when she was struck. Near the glasses was a broken string of imitation pearls.

Except for the glasses and the broken necklace there was no evidence around the body to suggest that a struggle had taken place. The light rain which had fallen during the night had washed out whatever tracks might have been left at the scene.

The officers found no evidence of a struggle inside the small car.

The only visible wounds were the heavy skull-crushing blow to the back and side of her head. The fact that she still was holding the matches, her purse and the package of cigarettes suggested

that her killer had struck without warning and so suddenly that she had had no time to drop the articles. The position of the body as well as the position of the hands—indicated that she had been attacked from behind.

Her purse contained the usual cosmetics, five dollars and identification papers in the name of Doctor Margaret Rosemond McMillan. These papers listed her age as 38, her employment as that of an assistant botany professor at the New Orleans branch of Louisiana State University.

The registration card for the Renault also bore Doctor McMillan's name and listed a New Orleans apartment as her home address.

Although the victim and the car were only a short distance from the highway, Sheriff Clemmons noted that the car was not visible from there. It could have been seen only by someone who drove down the private road as Durham had done. A row of giant cecander bushes shielded the entire scene from the highway.

This narrow road leads to the antebellum home of a prominent Baton Rouge attorney, a large Southern mansion that commands a sweeping view of the Mississippi River. The road is seldom used except by the attorney's servants or members of his family. Levee workers use it occasionally when they need access to the river levee near the lawyer's home. The road is bordered on both sides by flat, grassy meadows and drainage ditches.

Inquiring at the lawyer's home, Sheriff Clemmons learned that no one there had used the road the previous night. Nor did anyone know the victim or know any reason why her car would be parked there. They pointed out, however, that the spot sometimes was used as a "lover's lane." Although the servants had been instructed to try to discourage this practice, they had difficulty because the road had to be left open for the

convenience of the levee-construction workers, especially during periods when the river was rising.

While Sheriff Clemmons was obtaining this information, his deputies were photographing the scene, collecting blood and soil samples and conducting a fruitless search for the death weapon, and Doctor Williams ordered the body removed to a Baton Rouge hospital for an immediate autopsy.

Deputies Kling and LeBlanc drove to the New Orleans address listed on the automobile registration. They found Doctor McMillan's apartment in one of New Orleans' fashionable north-end sections. Her landlady said she knew the professor well.

"She was the nicest woman," she said. "Everyone liked her, who knew her." She had seen Doctor McMillan last at four p.m. as the previous afternoon.

"She was going to Baton Rouge," the landlady said. "I think she said she had a date for Saturday night."

**"A DATE?"** asked LeBlanc. "Would you know the name of the person she was going to see?"

"She hardlyly shook her head. "She didn't mention his name," she said. "But I just supposed it was the same one she goes up there to see occasionally—somebody who's on the faculty at LSU."

The woman explained that Doctor McMillan confided very little of her personal affairs to anyone, even her



Doctor Williams, the coroner, and Detective Chief Thompson still searched for the death weapon days after it did its work



Doctor Mickey: his protégée wanted him to be notified of her death and he was one of the first to know; right, Tashaeian Heard and Deputy Kling, who claimed that blood in this car matched that of the victim

closest friends, and she certainly would avoid discussing a romantic interest in a member of the university's faculty to keep it from becoming campus gossip.

Her friends and associates at the New Orleans branch of the state university were able to add a little more information concerning Doctor McMillan's background. At the New Orleans campus she held the title of visiting associate professor of biology, she had been at the university in that capacity since August, 1949, when she had been appointed to fill a temporary vacancy on the staff.

**SHE** previously had taught biology at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, where she also had conducted a research program on the reproduction of green algae. The project was of considerable interest to the government, which hoped that Doctor McMillan would develop a new way to produce food for men on future space flights.

After moving to New Orleans, she had continued her research on the project, driving to the LSU laboratories in Baton Rouge on Sunday afternoons to conduct her experiments.

Doctor McMillan's personal history was not generally known, even among her friends. But Kling and LeBlanc were able to learn that she was a native of Winnetka, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. She had been an honor student at Mundelein College in Chicago, where she received her bachelor's degree in 1943. Two years later she had received her master's from Northwestern University and in 1949 her doctorate from the state university. Her only known relative was a cousin, Mrs. John Flosser of Chicago.

Doctor Horner Hill, vice-president of the New Orleans branch of the university, described her as "a well-established university teacher and a scholar with many substantial research publications to her credit. She was highly respected in academic circles and her death will be a great loss to our faculty."

Her personal friends described her as an "intelligent, capable woman of varied interests, well liked by students and faculty associates in New Orleans

and with a reputation for strong convictions."

"She was scheduled to do some work in Baton Rouge this afternoon," one of her friends remembered.

"I wonder," Kling suggested, "if she was planning to stay overnight, since she had a date there Saturday evening." He was remembering that Doctor McMillan had only five dollars in her purse and no luggage or articles of clothing were in her car.

"I would hardly think so," the friend replied. "It's only about an hour and a half's drive up to Baton Rouge. She always came back."

With the permission of Doctor McMillan's landlady, Kling and LeBlanc examined her apartment, hoping to find some indication of whom her date was with in Baton Rouge Saturday night. They found nothing, however, except a card which carried the notation that Doctor George B. Mickey, dean of the LSU graduate school in Baton Rouge, should be notified in case of her death.

Kling and LeBlanc returned to Baton Rouge to look up Doctor Mickey. At his home, a comfortable two-story residence in one of Baton Rouge's older sections, Mrs. Mickey came to the door. Her husband, she said, was not in. He had gone to church with her and their nineteen-year-old son that morning and at that time was attending a natural biological fraternity meeting on the LSU campus.

When the officers reached the campus, they found Doctor Mickey accepting congratulations on having just been re-elected national president of the fraternity.

The officers told him that Doctor McMillan's body had been found on a lonely road some miles south of town that morning. He grooped for a chair and sat down. "This is incredible!" he exclaimed. "It just can't be!"

"Why not?" asked Kling.

"Well," explained Doctor Mickey, suddenly confused, "I mean she was

such a sweet person and so intelligent that it just seems incredible that such a thing could happen."

"We found a note in her apartment," said Kling, "to the effect that you were to be notified in case of her death. We wondered if you could tell us something about her. Doctor Mickey, that might assist in our investigation."

"Why, of course, I'll tell you anything I can to help clear up this terrible thing. I suppose you might say that I knew her as well as anyone."

He explained that he first had met Doctor McMillan when she was a graduate student at Northwestern. She was one of his students, and he had assisted her in writing the thesis for her doctorate.

**THE** relationship of a teacher and a graduate student, he explained, is always much closer than that which exists between a teacher and an undergraduate. Frequently they become so closely associated in working on research projects that intimate, lifelong friendships develop.

This had been the result of their relationship at Northwestern. Doctor Mickey explained. Doctor McMillan had no relatives, other than a cousin, so her academic friendships meant more to her than they might to some other scientists.

Doctor Mickey said he had kept up a correspondence with Doctor McMillan and ever since she joined the New Orleans branch of the LSU educational system, he had followed her research work on space food with the keen interest that any teacher would have in the progress of a particularly promising student.

"We understand," said Kling, "that she came up here Saturday afternoon to keep a date with someone who might be a member of the faculty. Would you know who that person was?"

Doctor Mickey looked puzzled. "No," he said thoughtfully. "I would have no

idea who it could be. I never suspected she might have a romantic interest in anyone here at the campus or even in Baton Rouge for that matter."

"Didn't she ever tell you about her boy-friends?"

Doctor Mickey smiled slightly. "I'm afraid you don't understand our relationship, while a close one, did not extend to such matters. Ours was a purely academic interest. We shared no personal confidences."

Doctor Mickey agreed to notify Doctor McMillan's cousin in Chicago so that funeral arrangements could be made, and Kling and LeBlanc returned to the sheriff's office.

They found Sheriff Clemmons, District Attorney J. St. Clair Pavot and Doctor Williams going over the autopsy report. Doctor Williams had reported that the victim had suffered thirteen separate wounds on the skull, all of them severe enough to have been fatal. The weapon, he speculated, had been a tire tool or perhaps a heavy hatchet. The victim had died about midnight, but she had lived in an unconscious state for several hours after she had been clubbed about the head.

"How many hours could she have lived with those head wounds?" asked Pavot. "It could be especially important in investigating an alibi."

Doctor Williams considered carefully before answering, then, "I would say that with those head injuries she could have lived from four to six hours."

He explained that the right cerebral hemisphere of the victim's brain had been destroyed by the heavy blows. But the brainstem, which lies deep within the brain, had not been severely injured.

"Persons in automobile accidents," he went on, "frequently receive similar brain injuries and often live a good long time with treatment, even though the injuries almost always prove to be fatal eventually. Doctor McMillan's

(Continued on page 32)



Laurinburg: a few miles from this quiet street Frank Angier met four men and a gun

Angier: only hours before in a lonely farmhouse, a woman was shot and the death trail began

# 77 MILES BETWEEN BETS

From town to town they searched for the double killers of Angier and Laurinburg, N. C., but—

**A** SHAFT of sunlight streamed through the emergency room of Rex Hospital, in Raleigh, North Carolina, fell across the white-tiled backs of the physicians and nurses bending over the prone form of a woman on the operating table. Even at two p. m. that odd afternoon of December 16, 1936 the sun was on its wily phase downward.

The woman's labored, convulsive breathing occasionally rose above the murmured directions of the doctors. For State Bureau of Investigation Agent Jack Richardson, standing nearby, the falling sun and its feeble shining with the brighter glare of surgical lights overhead was symbolic. The woman was doomed—as surely as the sun would set.

Richardson could almost read that verdict in the taut faces of the physicians as they ministered to the unconscious woman. He could see it in the compassionate-eyed eyes of a nurse who dashed at the very blow in the middle of the woman's forehead.

But he waited with tense patience. Finally one of the doctors straightened, moved his head in a slight nod to another, and turned toward the investigator. His voice was muffled but positive through the surgical mask. "The bullet is deeply embedded. There is very little chance she will survive."

The SRI agent asked, "Will she be able to talk before she dies?" The physician shook his head. "It would be a near miracle—I wouldn't anticipate it."

Richardson nodded his thanks and hastened to a nearby telephone. It was time to Deputy E. C. Johnson, waiting for word in the Harford County sheriff's office at Lillington, approximately 28 miles to the south. "It's just a matter of time—the woman will die. Better notify the sheriff," was his terse advice.

"He's in Dunn at another matter," said Johnson. "But we have three men out there now. I'll keep trying to locate the sheriff." He started to hang up, then asked swiftly, "Her? Was she able to say anything?"

"Nothing. And the doctor says there's little chance she will."

"If not, the severe shooting would become mired in further mystery."

The case had broken less than an hour previously, with a telephone call that Mrs. Mildred Dupree, wife of Cary Dupree, a prominent and wealthy farmer, had been found bleeding and unconscious in her bedroom.

Deputies Alton O'Quinn, Bernice Townley and J. V. Orellich had rushed to the farmhouse located four miles north of the town of Angier. These brothers of Dupree—Olen, Dorsey and Stewart—and a nephew, Ray Adams, were there. So were several neighbors, some openly expressing anger and shock at the seemingly senseless shooting.

By the time the deputies had arrived the gravely wounded woman had been removed to the Rex Hospital. But a pool of blood at the end of a four-poster bed in a rear bedroom suggested the exact point where Mrs. Dupree had

been shot. And Ray Adams, the nephew, soon confirmed this belief. "Yes, sir," he told O'Quinn, "that's where she was when I came in. She was sitting on the floor, leaning against the post, her hands by her sides. I saw the blood coming from her forehead and I got kind of sick. But I knew she needed a doctor fast and called one."

Before questioning any further, O'Quinn took a swift look around. The modest farmhouse and the equally modest furnishings in the bedroom belied the actual financial status of the couple. O'Quinn was well aware that Cary Dupree owned vast cotton-growing and timber-land acreage. His other real-estate holdings were extensive. He reputedly was worth over a quarter of a million dollars.

**B**UT the deputy's fleeting glance around the room told him little or nothing. There was no visible disorder, no sign of a struggle. An open purse lay on the bed. It contained only two pennies. Beyond this he saw no indication that the room had been ransacked.

As the other deputies hurried out to examine the premises and to talk to the neighbors dwelling the yard and the far road out front, O'Quinn talked briefly to the physician who had answered the emergency call. He said the woman had been unconscious when he arrived, and had been unable to utter a word before the ambulance came. He voiced the opinion that the wound had been made by a small-caliber pistol or a rifle.

O'Quinn next talked to the relatives. Ray Adams said that Cary Dupree had discovered his wife's fate—and telephoned him at his home, which was nearest to the Dupree residence—less than a quarter of a mile away. "I knew something terrible had happened, the way he talked. Sounded like he was going to faint any minute. He asked me to call a doctor and said that my Aunt Mildred was hurt. I phoned the doctor, then hurried over here."

"Why didn't he make the call himself?" inquired O'Quinn, a bit puzzled.

"Dearly, suppose you came home and found the person you loved most of all lying in blood—would you think straight?" Adams demanded.

No, I suppose not," O'Quinn admitted. "But if Mr. Dupree was the first person to reach her after she'd been shot, I'll have to talk to him."

O'Quinn was aware that the husband, shackled by the tragedy, was being cared for by other relatives. He turned to the three brothers and asked for permission to talk to Dupree and Olen, one of the brothers, nodded. "By all means. But be careful, Mr. O'Quinn. Cary is not a young man any more. Don't overtax him."

Dupree obviously was laboring under severe shock and grief when O'Quinn faced him in the parlor of a nearby neighbor a few minutes later. A man in his early 60's, Dupree listened with dazed incomprehension for several minutes as the deputy questioned him, making no response. Finally, in a voice thick and halting, he said, "I don't—

know what—to tell you, I—left her in the utility room—washing clothes—nobody was around. She got off—the way well. . . . His trembling voice broke off.

"What time do you leave her?" persisted O'Quinn.

Anger moments of silence, then Dupree nodded slightly as if he understood. "Time? Yes, that's important. I know it. It must have been around ten. I had to go to the cotton gin in Angier."

O'Quinn persisted in his questioning. Dupree said that he had driven away in his 1935 Pontiac, had attempted to a contract at the cotton gin, then had returned home shortly after one o'clock to find his wife, blood-spattered and unconscious, in the bedroom.

"Mr. Dupree, is there anyone—any person at all—who you think might have done this?" asked O'Quinn. "Do you have any men strangers around your place?"

**T**HE elderly man was about to shake his head negatively. Then he stopped, excitement showing in his eyes. He gestured with a trembling hand, blurted, "Yes—this morning! I was shaving when a man came to the front door. He wanted to see me, my wife said. I followed from the bathroom for him to come on in. He said he had to move, and asked if I had an empty house for him. I told him I didn't—not then, anyway. I suggested he try me later."

Speaking with far more animation than he had shown previously, Dupree said that the man had shown up at around 9:30 a. m. Two hours later, when Dupree had begun his drive into Angier, he had noticed the same man just 300 yards away, lurking on the road.

"Yes, yes!" he exclaimed excitedly as if in vocal confirmation to his inward, vaulting suspicion. "It was the same man—maybe he's the one who did it. He was the only one around, the only person who saw me leave."

"Who was he?" demanded O'Quinn.

"The customer I shined from the elderly man's eyes. He shook his head. 'I don't know. I only caught a glimpse of him when I turned my head while shaving. But I don't recall ever seeing him before.'"

"Can you describe him?"

"As I said, I barely saw him. All I know is that he was a huge man—I figure about six feet tall and around one hundred and eighty pounds. He was shabbily dressed and had on a dark-colored hat."

O'Quinn hurried back to the scene of the shooting to learn that Sheriff Wade Stewart had arrived, bringing blood-hounds from a prison camp approximately twelve miles to the east. As the handlers deployed the animals in an effort to pick up the trail of the mysterious gunman, O'Quinn hurriedly briefed Stewart on the few facts he had gathered so far.

"Right now I'd say this could be even worse than it looks," was Stewart's comment when he had finished.

"How's that?" asked the deputy.

"Fast break-out by Ivy Bluff—those come could be sweeping right through our back yard."

O'Quinn caught his breath as the significance of the sheriff's remark sank in. For the past three days the most intensive manhunt in the state's history had been running over a wide area as hundreds of law officers strove to track down 30 desperate felons who had escaped from the state's maximum-

77 miles separated the victim in the isolated farmhouse from the body on a deserted roadside



By Richard Cornwall Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



Police claim this boot made one clear print near the death scene

security prison known as Ivy Bluff. Although radio and television newscasts had told of the capture of approximately half a dozen, repeated warnings had been circulated that the remainder of the group, all tough, hardened criminals, had spread in all directions.

Was this, then, the answer to the mysterious shooting—a vicious Ivy Bluff escapee gunning down the woman when she resisted his advances or his demands for money?

On the basis that it was a distinct possibility, Stewart radioed his office to notify the FBI in Raleigh. "Tell them we would like to have any corroborative evidence that the cons are in this area," he instructed. "Or if they have definite information that none of the escapees could be around here, I'd like to know that, too."

Within a short time any hope the lawmen had nourished that the blood-hounds would pick up a trail was completely stifled. The experienced handmen reported that every effort to locate a scint had failed.

"Right now that leaves us with just this fat, shabby man," commented the sheriff. "Our best bet is to call in all the hands."

With the help of the relatives and willing neighbors, scores of laborers were summoned from the fields where they had been busy harvesting the drowsy cotton-buds. They trooped into the yard from all directions until approximately 55 stood in a semi-circle before the sheriff.

Stewart swept them with a keen,

searching look. A number of them were of imposing physical proportions, muscular and brawny. Some had been hired directly by Dupree; others by his tenant farmers.

Varying attitudes and demeanors indicated that several already had heard about the shooting, but preliminary group questioning failed to cull out a single suspect. Nor could any of the hands recall seeing the huge, shabbily dressed man described by Dupree at any time that morning.

"Okay, let them go back to work," directed Stewart. "We'll take separate statements as soon as we have a chance."

After ordering the house sealed, pending the arrival of lab technicians from the state bureau of investigation in Raleigh, Stewart and the deputies launched a farm-by-farm questioning throughout the area, with the main effort concentrated along the winding road which twists from Angier to the town of Benson.

**FIDEST**, nothing. Then, at a general stop approximately four miles away, the proprietor told them: "Only real big fellow I saw today was a guy named Phippo. He came in around half-past eleven begging me for a headache powder—said he'd pay me later. I didn't particularly notice his clothing, but most likely it could be described as shabby. I did notice one funny thing he had on, though."

"Funny?" echoed O'Quinn.  
"Yeah. Be wore a green bandanna on his head—tucked underneath a hat."

Unfortunately, the storekeeper had never heard Phippo's first name and had no idea where he lived or where he was employed. "I don't think he works anywhere right now," the witness offered. "While he was in here I overheard him tell another fellow that he owed a twenty-six-dollar bill and had to find the money somewhere."

As they moved outside, Deputy Griffin told the sheriff: "I arrested a man by the name of Robert Phippo about seven months ago for fighting and being drunk. A big guy, all right. Lives on Pea Ridge Road."

While O'Quinn and Temple drove off in the opposite direction on the assumption that Phippo might have headed for Angier, Stewart, Griffin and Byrd drove to his home, a ramshackle hut at the edge of a corn-stubbed field.

But he wasn't there. His wife told the officers that Phippo had left early that morning. No, he hadn't mentioned going to the Cary Dupree place. Yes, it was true their present landlord had ordered them to move from the cottage for failure to pay the rent.

"It's just been one trouble after another," she said wearily. "Bob does looked for work, but he can't get none. And two of my kids done had the croup and bad sickness all fall until I think—"

"Do you have any idea where we might find your husband?" Stewart broke in.

The woman shook her head. "He been fightin' again?" she asked, her dark eyes mirroring both resignation and anxiety.

"Not exactly, ma'am. We want to talk to him. If he comes home you tell him to stay put. We'll be back."

But there was no need for a return trip. Exactly nine minutes later as they found Phippo strolling along Pea Ridge Road, Stewart severed to a halt as Griffin exclaimed: "That's him!"

Phippo, a tall, muscular man dressed in a soiled gray shirt, a faded cloth jacket frayed at the sleeves, a gray hat and wrinkled blue trousers, appeared startled as the officers jumped out.

"What's the deal?" he cried.  
He soon was made aware of their interest in him. Seated in the sheriff's car, he nervously admitted having visited the Dupree home early that morning. But he denied loitering in the vicinity.

"Where did you go after you left Mr. Dupree's?"

"I went to see another fellow about renting a house."

"What time was that?"  
"Around twelve."

"What did you do in between?"

"Not much. Just mazed around. Went to the store to get a headache powder."

**THIS** statement, of course, fitted with what the investigators already had learned. But further questioning about his movements became a halfhearted, evasive repulse, most of them punctuated with Phippo's earnest apologies, such as "I just don't like rememberin' no s'ry . . . I wish I could tell you, I didn't pay no mind who it was."

"That green bandanna you're wearing under your hat—what's it for?" demanded Stewart.

"I told you I had an awful headache. It kind of helps."

"Helps to cover up your face, too—is that the real reason you wore it, Phippo?"

The big man shook his head vehemently. "I'm telling the truth—I never shot that woman, no help me. You ask these people I went to see—they'll back me up! They'll tell you I don't belong in this jam."

Although a search of Phippo's pockets failed to reveal a firearm of any description, he was carrying something else which added to the officers' suspicions. This was a small, black telephone. As Sheriff Stewart pointed out, Phippo could have used it to keep the Dupree home under surveillance.

Then two respected farmers, Peter Green and Robert Moxam, declared William Siers lying if he says he was nowhere near the Dupree place after Cary left. We saw him standing in some bushes around noon, right near the house."

And noon was the time that Phippo had claimed he was several miles away inquiring about renting a house. But this person, another wealthy farmer with considerable real-estate holdings, told the sheriff: "Yes, Phippo was here. But not at noon. He came here about nine-thirty in the morning and left when I told him I didn't have a thing vacant."

Stewart decided that an identification by Dupree would be necessary. Also, the hooded man's surveillance was opened and a search made, either by Dupree or one of his relatives, to determine whether he had hidden any money or pawnable articles, were missing. At any rate, with Dupree under the care of a physician, it would be undesirable to keep him in prison before him, rather than have Dupree brought to the county jail to view him.

(Continued on page 58)

# CLUE #1000

A stranger, an enemy, a love rival or a madman—who had come to the Tulsa, Okla., lovers' lane with bullets for the bridegroom-to-be?

**F**OR Dale Ray Jones, 25-year-old construction worker, the night of December 12, 1969, should have been a night for dreams, not death—and certainly not death by violence.

It was a Sunday and a night that was made for sweethearts. A bright crescent moon hung in a sky sprinkled generously with stars, and the air was crisp and clean, scented with just a trace of his companion's perfume.

From the front seat of his new car, parked on a darkened and seldom-used road just off East 31st Street and Garrett Road, Dale and his fiancée, Norma Littlefield, 26, could look down upon the lights of Tulsa, Oklahoma, spread out below them like a carpet of twinkling lights.

Dale Ray Jones was a well-built young man of medium height with broad shoulders. His hands were strong; he was a carpenter for a Tulsa construction firm. Norma Littlefield, a young woman with dark hair and dark eyes, was a telephone operator, a job that was planned to last only until she and Dale had saved up enough money to make a down payment on a house.

The two of them were sitting close together, talking dreamily, watching the lights of the city. Neither heard the other car, its lights out, its motor silent, glide noiselessly to a stop behind them.

They were unaware of another presence—and their peaceful dream exploded into a nightmare of rifle shots, the tortured scream of gun lead ripping through the metal of Jones' car, the sound of glass shattering and the stinging of sharp glass fragments spraying through the interior of the car.

Norma opened her mouth to scream. But Dale's hand clamped tight over her mouth as he pushed her down on the seat.

"Be quiet!" he whispered hoarsely. "And for heaven's sake, stay down!" "What's happening?" she asked desperately. "What on earth is happening?"

Dale shook his head. As he held her tightly against him, she could feel his heart beating fiercely. "It must be some sort of crazy mistake," he said.

The rifle cracked again, and more glass broke in the car.

"Don't they know somebody is in this car?" she whispered.

"I don't know," Dale said. He sat up straighter and reached for the door handle. "But I'm going to find out."

Norma grabbed him. "Please don't!"

Dale pushed her gently down on the seat again. "It's bound to be a mistake," he assured her. "It'll be all right. You just keep down."

He opened the car door. Norma saw him step to the ground and turn toward the car in back of them. She heard him shout. "Hey! What are you doing?"

A man's voice answered in a muffled crowd, then the rifle cracked again. She heard Dale gasp as if he had been kicked in the stomach. She sat up, saw him stagger toward a ditch across the road.

Then she saw the other man, a slim silhouette in the night, standing at the side of Dale's car, a long rifle against his shoulder. He was taking deliberate aim at Dale.

Norma screamed as the gun blasted. The shots came so fast that she could not count them. She saw Dale fall to his knees, heard him cry like a child in pain. Burying her head in her hands, she prayed as hard as she could that the whole thing was some horrible nightmare and that she would awaken in a few minutes.

It was no dream. After what seemed like hours, but in reality was only a few seconds, she heard the engine of the other car start up. She sat upright again and looked out in time to see the car turn around in the road and drive off. It was, she saw, a light-colored Chevrolet sedan, a 1962 to 1963 model.

The reading license plate was too dim to read.

**WITH** a cry of anguish Norma leaped from the car and ran to Dale. He was lying in the ditch, unconscious, breathing slowly, heavily.

"He's dying!" she thought. "He's dying! And what can I do way out here?"

In a panic she ran, desperate to find help. Somehow she reached the highway and flagged down the first car she saw.

"Help me! Help me!" Norma begged breathlessly. "A man's been shot!"

At a few minutes before eleven p. m. Dave Faulkner, junior Tulsa County sheriff, received a call at his home that a man had been killed on a lovers' lane road just off East 31st Street and Garrett.

When he reached the scene, he found his chief deputy, Frank Thurman, Deputy Lavelle Chadwell and Jack Smith, district captain for the state highway patrol, already searching the area for clues.

They quickly brought Faulkner up

to date on what they knew about the crime. At 10:20 p. m. a man named Clarence E. Finkash and his wife were driving along East 31st Street and had been flagged down by Miss Littlefield. She had blurted out that her fiancé had been shot. Faulkner had followed her to the ditch where Jones lay and, seeing that the young man was seriously wounded, had raced to the district highway patrol headquarters a mile away to report it.

**S**MITH and Chadwell, the first officers to reach the scene, had found Miss Littlefield sitting in the ditch holding Dale's head in her lap, stroking his forehead with a handkerchief damp with blood. They had summoned an ambulance, but Jones had died without regaining consciousness before the ambulance arrived.

Miss Littlefield had become hysterical upon learning that Jones was dead and was unable to give a coherent account of what had happened. Sheriff Faulkner learned only that Jones had been shot by a man driving a light-colored 1962 to 1963 Chevrolet.

Miss Littlefield was taken to Tulsa's Billerent Hospital for sedation, and the body of Jones, after being photographed, was dispatched to Doctor Leo Lowmeyer, Tulsa pathologist, for an autopsy.

Shirley Faulkner ordered a description of the killer's car broadcast to all highway patrol units in the Tulsa area. Tulsa police, responding quickly to a call for help, set up road blocks at strategic locations throughout the city. Officers manning these points were instructed to halt all cars fitting the general description of the one furnished by Miss Littlefield and to search each car for weapons. It was a long gamble, but Faulkner knew that a killer on the run might give himself away accidentally.

While the description of the car was being broadcast, Sheriff Faulkner and his deputies carefully examined the death scene.

Trucks indicated that the killer's car had turned off the highway and approached Jones' car from the east, stopping about 30 feet behind it. Footprints showed that a man had stepped out at that point and walked to the rear of Jones' car. Scattered along this trail were spent .22-caliber cartridge shell-cases of many different types.

When the car had been driven off, one bullet striking the trunk compart-





man and moosehunting tie. Another missed through the rear window, and a third had struck the wing glass. The interior of the car was covered with powdered fragments of glass, and a small bloodstain on the seat beneath the steering wheel indicated that Jones either was hit while still sitting in the car or had been marked by the first shot.

Jones' footprints showed that he had stepped from the car, turned to face his killer and then staggered forward a distance of ten feet across the roadway to a shallow ditch, where he fell down.

THE random placement of the spent cartridges suggested to Sheriff Faulkner that they had been ejected by an automatic weapon.

After making plaster casts of the tracks and photographing the scene thoroughly, the sheriff drove to Doctor Lowber's office. There the pathologist had completed a preliminary examination of the body and found that Jones had been shot nine times with 22-caliber bullets. Four of the bullets had struck him in the head and five in the chest. Doctor Lowber expressed surprise that Jones had not died instantly.

In searching Jones' clothing, the pathologist had found the victim's blood. It contained 0.12%.

The facts of Faulkner and his deputies were given at they left the hospital. "What do you make of it now?" asked Thurman when they had entered the sheriff's car.

Faulkner frowned. "I can't say yet. So far all we know for certain is that somebody fired at least ten times and nine of the shots found their mark. The killer knew how to use a gun and apparently wanted to kill Jones pretty badly, to have shot him that many times."

"But why?"

Faulkner shifted and buckled his car out of the parking stall. "Well," he said, "we know it wasn't robbery. The killer wouldn't have left that hundred and thirty bucks in Jones' billfold if he was after money. Maybe Miss Littlefield can tell us something."

When Sheriff Faulkner reached the hospital, it was three a. m. and Norma Littlefield had recovered her composure sufficiently to be questioned. Thankfully she went over the details of the evening. She was positive that no other cars had been parked on the road when she and Dale had arrived there shortly before ten o'clock.

She said they had been at the spot only about ten minutes when the first shot was fired. The killer had attacked without warning and had seemed satisfied with shooting only Jones. He had made no effort to harm her, although he must have heard her screams and have known that she was in the car.

She had caught only a glimpse of the gunman as he stood shooting into the flimsy body of her fiancé in the ditch. Because of the darkness she had not been able to get a clear look at his face; she thought he was slender and of medium weight. In her fleeting view of the killer's profile she thought she

had seen the outline of glasses on his face.

Miss Littlefield said she knew of no reason why anyone would want to kill her fiancé. She was positive that Jones did not know his killer because of his whispered conversation with her as he pushed her down in the seat to protect her against the gunfire.

"But why?"

"This young woman told Sheriff Faulkner she had known Dale Jones for two months. She had found him quiet-spoken, knew that he drank very little, earned good money and was saving most of his wages.

Jones had been married before, she said, and she knew that his former wife, who had remarried, was living in Sapulpa, a city about fifteen miles west of Tulsa.

Miss Littlefield was unable to explain how the killer knew she and Jones would be parked at that particular spot that night. She went over the events of the evening prior to their arrival at the fatal residence. They had had dinner at six p. m., then had attended a movie. After the movie they had driven around awhile, reaching the parking spot at about ten o'clock.

During the entire evening she had seen no one else, nor had Dale shown any recreation toward anyone they had seen.

"I don't think anyone knew we were going to be parked there tonight," she said. "I don't think we knew it ourselves until we got there. It wasn't planned."

Jones left his car (1) to face a killer (2) and die at spot (3)

Norma Littlefield shows police how she dodged the rifle shots

"How do you think the killer knew you were there, then?" asked Faulkner. "I don't think he did," Miss Littlefield said, fresh tears welling in her eyes. "I think it was just a horrible case of mistaken identity. The killer must have been after someone else and we were just at the wrong place at the wrong time."

Sheriff Faulkner hoped her theory was wrong. He knew it would make the job of finding the killer infinitely more difficult if he could find no motive other than a case of mistaken identity.

By mid-morning on Monday, December 14, Tulsa police had arrested two men for questioning. Both had been stopped at road-check points because they were driving cars similar to the one described by Miss Littlefield. One of them was a short, portly man who had been drinking too much and who had made the mistake of leaving a 21-caliber pistol concealed beneath the front seat of his car. He mostly denied any knowledge of the lovers' late evening drive and was able to prove his whereabouts between ten and eleven p. m. Sunday.

The second was a slender youth who had displayed an unusual degree of nervousness when he was stopped for questioning. He admitted being in the general vicinity of the death scene between ten and 10:15 Sunday night, but he insisted he had been visiting a friend. His story later was corroborated and his nervousness explained: He had been involved in some petty thefts and thought that was the reason he had been arrested. When he learned that



it was homicide and not petty theft which the officers were interested in, he fainted.

Then, shortly before noon, a man who identified himself as Robert Anders presented himself at the sheriff's office. He said he lived near the scene of the slaying and had found a 22-caliber revolver lying on the front seat of his pick-up truck that morning. Someone, he said, had put the gun in the truck while it was parked in front of his home during the night.

"It isn't mine," he said. "I found it when I went out to the truck that morning. I read about the killing in the papers and thought the gun might be connected in some way."

Sheriff Faulkner sent the gun to the crime laboratory for a ballistics examination.

AT 2:30 in the afternoon a stolen car was found abandoned near the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore, 15 miles east of Tulsa. A 22-caliber automatic rifle was in the back seat. This gun also was rushed to the laboratory for ballistics tests.

While these initial leads were being investigated, Sheriff Faulkner and Deputy Thurman pressed their search for a motive. Both were unable to suspect Miss Littlefield's opinion that the shooting was an unfortunate case of mistaken identity.

Two questions begged answers in their search for a motive. One: Why had the killer not harmed Miss Littlefield? He obviously was not after Jones' money, only Jones. Did the killer know Miss Littlefield? Two: How did the killer know Jones would be parked at that particular spot at that particular time? Was he waiting for Jones' car to appear? Had Jones told someone in advance he would be there? Or had the killer followed Jones and his fiancée?

Hosley to find the answers, Sheriff Faulkner decided to explore Jones' personal background. He began with the slain man's ex-wife.

The former Mrs. Jones was an attractive young woman who obviously was happily married to her present hus-

band. She said she had not seen Jones since the divorce and had had no personal contact with him by telephone.

Occasionally she had received a note from him with an expression of interest in the welfare of their four-year-old daughter, who had been born after the divorce and whom Jones had never seen. She knew nothing of his personal affairs and had not known that he was planning to marry Miss Littlefield.

From members of Jones' family—his mother and two brothers—Sheriff Faulkner learned that he had lived alone in a small apartment as a good-looking, unattached young man, he naturally had had several girl-friends. But all of them had been shunned quite gradually in favor of Miss Littlefield, who had been his only date for the past six weeks, according to a brother.

Sheriff Faulkner could not overlook the possibility that one of his former girl-friends might have lured the slayer. All of them were questioned thoroughly in an effort to measure the interest they still had in Jones at the time he began dating Miss Littlefield regularly.

As a result, a young woman named Marlene Anders, a 21-year-old nightclub entertainer, was brought in for further questioning.

Miss Anders was dark-eyed, dark-haired and dark-tempered. A vocalist at a piano bar in one of the small clubs on Tulsa's east side, she was a woman who displayed strong feelings.

"It's I," she boasted, "who dares the men and not the men who dares me."

And Jones, Sheriff Faulkner learned, had discarded Miss Anders in an abrupt fashion.

THE incident had sent Miss Anders on a temper tear. According to some of Jones' friends, the young woman had stormed and raved, making dire threats of vengeance when she learned that Jones had slipped her up for a date with Miss Littlefield.

But as Sheriff Faulkner dug deeper into Miss Anders' relationship with Jones, it became apparent that her bark

was considerably worse than her bite. Furthermore, she had an alibi for her own whereabouts at the time of the slaying, and she was clean.

A brother of the victim told Sheriff Faulkner that Jones had been involved in a fight in a bar about a month before the slaying. The details were hazy in the brother's mind, for he had not been there at the time. But he knew that Dale had suffered an injured arm in the fracas.

Employees of the bar had only guarded memories about the incident, although a barmaid remembered that the fight had started accidentally.

"It was one of those things that happen when a guy gets drunk and has a chip on his shoulder," she said. "At 11 o'clock, this drunk was at the bar. Jones walked by and accidentally brushed up against him. The drunk took offense and swung at Jones. Jones hit him, and the bouncer showed them both out."

"It turned out that the drunk was pretty good at wrestling and got an arm hold on Jones. It must have scared Jones' arm, because he had it in a sling when he was in here a couple of days later. It wasn't broken, though."

"What about the other man?" asked Faulkner.

"His name was Lawrence."

(Continued on page 53)

Ervin Young, the hunter and the hunted, with Attorney Lawrence







This trial, for the Factor kidnaping, was a frame, Touhy claimed. From left next to the table, McFadden, Kator, Shefer and Touhy

# The End of the TERRIBLE TOUHYS

## Part II Roger Goes to Jail

Almost 200 of Capone's men died in the all-out war with the Touhy mob. How would the Syndicate get revenge?

By W. T. Brannon

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

IN NOVEMBER, 1935, Roger "The Terrible" Touhy, former beer baron and gangland overlord, was paroled from the Illinois State Penitentiary after serving 18 years for kidnaping. He was a shriveled, little old man, his back twisted from a fracture, his money and connections gone, apparently of no more than passing interest to anyone except his immediate family.

Within 12 days Touhy was shot—guessed to death on the front steps of his sister's home.

Why? Had underworld vengeance waited 18 years to strike back? Had Touhy threatened to reveal secrets better left untold? Was this something personal? Official Detective Stories in this series is attempting to trace Touhy's life in crime in an effort to show the curious factors that might have been behind this delayed assassination.

Last month the story showed Touhy's beginnings in Chicago's tough Valley district, his success in legitimate business, first as a telegraph operator and then an automobile dealer, and his decision to plunge into the underworld with the easy profits of beer-running and bootlegging.

By organization and efficiency, Touhy built up a beer empire that controlled the suburbs northwest of Chicago. Inevitably this brought him into conflict with Al Capone and the Syndicate and equally inevitably, a gang war flared. Two of Touhy's brothers were shot and killed, half a dozen of Capone's men died from gunfire. The infamous St. Valentine's Day massacre claimed the lives of seven Bugs Moran gangsters, cohorts of Capone. Then, at the seat-of-the-last-boss, Touhy's partner in the beer business, Matt Kroh, was found bullet-riddled and lying in the gutter of suburban Norton Grove.

Touhy himself would be next, the rumors said, unless he struck first.

Now go on with the story:

THE vast, seething Chicago underworld was uneasy. Something big was going to happen.

It would take time. For awhile things quieted down. A few hoodlums were found on various roadides or perhaps in the trunks of their cars. But none of the big shots. Things were too dangerous. The Internal Revenue Bureau was preparing to move in on Al Capone and Prohibition was on its way out. In search of easy money to replace the lush profits of illegal beer and alcohol, the syndicate was trying to muscle in on a number of small unions, and trying also to avoid the headlines.

Then came 1932, perhaps the bloodiest in Chicago's history. More than 200 hoodlums, mostly small-fry gunmen and muscle men, were blasted down. The majority of these were identified as Capone men and in most cases the assassins were unknown.

Anton J. Cermak had defeated William Hale "Big Bill" Thompson the year before in the race for mayor. Cermak's victory was attributed, at least in part, to his campaign's promise to rid Chicago of the Capone mob. And the ranks of the gangs were being decimated, although Cermak hardly could claim credit for it.

Underworld informants called it a war to the finish between Touhy and Capone forces.

Murray "The Camel" Humphreys of the Syndicate had charge of muscling into the labor unions. Several unions had built up rich treasuries—mostly strike funds—under honest leaders.

Touhy in his legitimate days had been associated with the telegraphers' union. He knew many of the leaders. In desperation they turned to him and to his brother, Tommy. A defense fund totaling \$125,000 in red-hot cash was set up and led by Roger Touhy, who had two armed guards watching it day and night in his suburban home.

The Syndicate had another man against Roger Touhy. He had to go. No one knew how or when, but sooner or later the mob would move against him.

And nobody realized the end was in sight when John "Jake the Barber" Factor was kidnaped.

Any analysis of the death of Roger Touhy must take into consideration two other men, John Factor and Daniel Gilbert.

Daniel Gilbert was a police captain. From 1933 until 1936 he was chief investigator for the state's attorney's office. In 1936 he testified before Senator Kefauver that he was worth about \$600,000 and was promptly dubbed "the world's richest cop." He is now retired from the Chicago police and is said to be a millionaire businessman on the West Coast.

Gilbert grew up in the old Touhy neighborhood and before he became a policeman worked for a labor union. The shadow of Daniel Gilbert moves through the career, the fortunes and misfortunes of Roger Touhy.

During the beer-running days, Gilbert was a sergeant at the Crampton police station. Roger Touhy charged that Gilbert made him pay five dollars a barrel for all Touhy beer coming into Chicago. Gilbert denied the charge.

Long before Prohibition ended, Gilbert moved up to captain and commanded the central police district out of headquarters. He was a powerful man then and became even more powerful when he took the post of chief investigator for State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney in 1933.

John Jacob Factor was long known to Chicago police as an international swindler and confidence man. At different times he has told different stories about his origin. One was that he was born in Hull, England; another that he is a native of Chicago, a third that he was born in Poland. Government records show that he came to the United States in 1903 with his father, from Russia.

After spending a few years in St. Louis, Factor moved to Chicago where, as a boy, he worked as a bookie. On Sunday mornings, he got odd jobs on

Maxwell Street, a colorful business thoroughfare that is no more than a dozen blocks long. It teems with activity and a carnival atmosphere. Shops line the sidewalks and open-air displays, bazaars, stands and pushcarts crowd the street itself.

Here Jake Factor learned rascaldom and how to fast-talk a dollar from the pocket of a reluctant customer. Just around the corner from Maxwell on Halsted Street he set up a barber shop. Some of his customers were brokers and from them, Jake picked up a lot of information about the stock market. Soon he sold his barber shop and opened a brokerage house on LaSalle Street. It closed after a few weeks, but Factor could truthfully call himself a broker and speculator.

**HE WENT** to Montreal, where he set up another office. Jake got a mailing list and circumscribed selected investors, offering them a share of mining stock for a dollar and, if they responded, selling them even more.

There is no record that Factor swindled any of the Canadian investors but he did reap a tidy sum before he closed his office about a year later, returned to Chicago, established himself in a home on the Gold Coast and became known as a free spender, gambler and speculator.

At the beginning of the Florida land boom he opened a Florida real-estate firm and bought a large tract which was subdivided into lots and sold to northern investors. About a million and a half dollars had been reaped from this when some of the landowners went to inspect their property and discovered that it was of poor quality, some actually under water. At the indignation of the government, the company went out of business.

Some time after this, Factor appeared in London as the power behind a weekly financial paper.

A feature on the front page predicted a rise in a stock listed on the London exchange. Acting on this advice, many readers—mostly shopkeepers, clerks and pensioners—bought this stock. The flurry of buying caused a price rise and

the paper was able to boast that it had predicted accurately. After the price had increased moderately, investors were advised to sell. Many did, recovered their original investments and made some profit. Then the publication recommended a new stock not yet listed on the exchange. Factor had acquired an option on the shares. Almost a million dollars' worth of these shares was sold—and then the paper folded up. When investors clamored for their money, Factor refused to settle for half and in most instances this was accepted. The profit on this deal was about half a million dollars.

Meanwhile, Factor had started another paper and the same deal was worked. Investors bought more than three million dollars' worth of three worthless stock issues before the second paper went out of business.

By the time Factor fled from England in 1930 he was accused of swindles totaling about seven million dollars.

Several of Factor's English associates were convicted of larceny and sent to prison. The Crown issued an extradition warrant against the United States to return Factor to England for trial. Even before this, civil proceedings had been started against Factor and he evaded the extradition while he appeared in court in the civil cases. He effected settlements totaling \$1,121,280; this, however, didn't satisfy the English authorities, who continued to press for extradition.

Factor was held without bail. His attorneys got his release on a writ of habeas corpus. Federal Judge George A. Carpenter held that the settlements had disposed of the English charges and Factor was released.

The British refused to give up and the case was appealed. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals overruled Judge Carpenter. Factor took an appeal to the United States Supreme Court and was released on \$50,000 bail. Hearing in the high court was set for April, 1933.

About the time Factor was due in Washington for the high court action, his son disappeared. The police heard about it in a rather strange way. Factor

was seen at several Chicago night spots looking for top members of the Syndicate. He said his son had been kidnaped and he wanted their help in getting him back.

When Jake's case came before the Supreme Court, Factor's lawyer said he couldn't be there because of his son's kidnaping.

**EIGHT** days after he had disappeared, the son showed up again. He said he hadn't been harmed, his abduction had been harmless and he wouldn't be able to identify any of them.

Regardless, the Supreme Court ruled that Factor was still liable to extradition. Only a formal extradition order remained.

And then Jake the Barber himself was kidnaped.

On the evening of June 30, 1933, he entertained about a dozen friends at The Delta, a suburban roadside specializing in liquor, expensive food and gambling. He left The Delta about one o'clock the next morning, Factor and a friend, Al Epstein, in one car with Mrs. Factor, Mrs. Epstein and others following. The caravan was headed east on Dempster Road when Factor was stopped by three cars in which were armed men. Factor and Epstein were taken away.

Mrs. Factor reported the abduction to the nearest police station. By the time police reached the scene Epstein had been released unharmed. He said he had been put out of the car about three minutes after the kidnaping.

"They obviously were after Factor," he said. "They just pushed me out of the car and took him."

The abduction was viewed with skepticism by many because of the impending extradition and was widely branded a hoax. Some observers expressed the opinion that Factor would disappear completely. For over a week, it seemed they might be right.

However, on July 12, he turned up in La Grange, a western suburb. He stopped a car containing a policeman, Bernard Gerard, of nearby River Forest. Gerard is now police chief of River Forest. Factor identified himself and

For the twelve days of his kidnaping, Jake the Barber said, he wore the same suit, shirt, tie and shoes he is wearing in the picture at left below. At right is the car in which Touhy was arrested, a kidnap car police say





was driven to the La Grange police station.

According to Gerard, Jake Factor was a white suit that was only slightly wrinkled, a clean white shirt and a neatly knotted necktie. His shoes also were clean, Gerard said. His dark hair was neatly combed but he had a heavy growth of beard.

Captain Gilbert went to the La Grange station and took charge of the investigation. After brief interviews with reporters and some picture taking, Factor was returned to Chicago for a reunion with his family. There he told this story:

"I was blindfolded and led into a basement in Glenview. They wired me to pay a hundred grand for ransom. I refused. So they tortured me for more than a week. They hit me in the face. They kicked me in the stomach. They twisted my arm. They let me rest for a while and came back and did the same things all over again.

"They never got tired of torturing me. I finally settled for the seventy thousand, after I couldn't take their beatings any longer."

Factor said he had been blindfolded constantly except for a few minutes when the blindfold was removed so that he could sign his name on a ransom note. He said he hadn't been allowed to bathe or shave.

Chicago newspapers quoted him as saying he couldn't identify any of the kidnapers. Different statements, often conflicting, were attributed to him. When Captain Gilbert suggested that the kidnaping gang must have been led by Roger Touhy, Factor was quoted as saying, "I have never seen Roger Touhy

Dan Gilbert, the "riches" top in the world, was no friend, but Warden Reagan shook Touhy's hand when Roger finally won freedom



in my life, so far as I know. Anyway, if he was one of the kidnapers, I wouldn't know it. I don't see any of them."

In all the stories attributed to Factor, he said he hadn't seen any of the kidnapers and couldn't identify any of them. Attorney Franklin D. Roosevelt, representing the British Crown, charged that the kidnaping was a hoax, that it had been cooked up to create sympathy for Jake and bring him in his fight to avoid extradition.

A few days after Factor's return, Captain Gilbert announced that he had definite proof the Touhy gang had kidnaped Factor. Roger Touhy wasn't at home; he was on a fishing trip in Wisconsin. On July 19, Touhy and three companions, Willie Sharkey, Glenora Oushafer and Eddie McFadden, were arrested in Elkhorn, Wisconsin. Touhy claimed they were on their way back to Chicago. He denied any knowledge of the Factor kidnaping.

The four men were returned to Chicago, where they appeared in a police lineup. No action was taken against them then in the Factor case; instead they were taken to St. Paul, Minnesota, and indicted by a federal grand jury for kidnaping a millionaire brewer, William Hamm, Jr., on June 15.

They went to trial in federal court in St. Paul, November 9, 1933. The day before, the Cook County grand jury had indicted the same men for the kidnaping of John Factor. It was a state offense in Illinois, because Factor did not claim he had been taken across a state line. The Hamm case was federal because the brewer had been taken to Wisconsin.

Among the spectators in the courtroom was Factor. Touhy said then and many times later that it was the first time he had ever seen Jake.

At the trial, the victim was unable to identify any of the defendants. The only positive witness was a Chicago printer who testified he had been in St. Paul looking for work on June 15; by chance, he had been near the Hamm Brewing Company and had witnessed the kidnaping. He identified all four men.

The defense, however, proved that he was usually at work in a Chicago printing plant on June 15 and couldn't have been in St. Paul. The four men were acquitted.

About two years later the remnants of the Delinquer gang—Arthur "Doc" Barker, Alvin Karpis and others—were convicted of the Hamm kidnaping. The charges against Touhy and his associates had been completely false. Regardless, they were still charged with the Factor kidnaping.

The original indictment in Chicago had named Touhy, McFadden, Sharkey and Sharkey, who joined the prosecution by committing suicide. Subsequently, another man, Albert "Fatty" Novek, Kabor, was indicted.

THE trial started January 11, 1934, in the criminal court of Judge Michael Feinberg. Eddie McFadden had an unshakable alibi; he had spent the night of June 20 in an Oak Park hotel and thus was easily proved. The charge against him was dismissed.

Jake Factor, however, identified Touhy, Kabor, and Sharkey. A woman testified that she was the housekeeper in Eddie McFadden's home and that the night after the kidnaping she had seen Touhy there and Factor.

The defense produced several alibi witnesses, unopposed in principle. One was Miss Emily Irvine, a long-time friend of Touhy's wife. She said she had been visiting at the Touhy home the evening of June 20 and had stayed on the porch with Roger and his wife until long after midnight. Another was a priest; a third was Professor Cretsch who established the fresh condition of Factor's clothes when he reappeared despite Factor's testimony he had not been allowed to change the clothes during the entire twelve days of the kidnaping.

The jury failed to agree after deliberating for 24 hours. A new trial was ordered, to begin on February 13.

This time the prosecution had additional witness, a man named Ike Costner who was under indictment for a mail robbery in Chicago. With Carolyn Costner swore that he had been part of the kidnap mob, that he had been with Factor during the kidnaping, had arranged for the ransom payoff and had seen Touhy in the kidnap house. One of Touhy's own former guards, Buck Hetherington, a former deputy sheriff, also swore that he had participated in the actual kidnaping with Touhy.

This time the jury reached an agreement. Roger Touhy was guilty of the kidnaping. He was sentenced to 99 years in prison. Shafer and Kabor received the same sentences.

And then, Roger Touhy went to jail. The Touhy case had been smashed; Capone's mob had had its revenge. In prison, the rumors went, Touhy would have no protection from the guards and his life wouldn't be worth much.

Factor meanwhile was kept in Chicago as a material witness until such time as all appeals Touhy could file were dismissed. By that time the extradition case against him was done. He never was forced to return to England to stand trial. And the government had arrested one more man for participation in the Factor kidnaping, Basil "The Owl" Banhart, an escape artist and robber, who had been implicated by Costner's statements. Banhart, too, went up for 99 years.

(Continued on page 54)

# Caught on a Lipstick Tattoo

Could the message scrawled on a girl's body near Philadelphia lead to a slayer?

By Al Richards

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THE body lay in a deep gully along narrow Hart's Lane in the Barren Hill section of Whittemarsh Township, Pennsylvania, just beyond the Philadelphia city limits. As the officers climbed out of their cars and peered over the white wooden fence that separated the ditch from the road, they saw horror enough. But not until they slid down the five-foot embankment could they see the full extent of it.

On the dead girl's abdomen were letters, numbers and a weird symbol of some kind, scrawled in red lipstick. The capital letters T and B, about three inches apart, were printed in the middle. Below the letters were the numbers 161. And beneath the numbers was an arc with little lines radiating from it. The drawing resembled a ghostly halo or a rising sun.



Maryann wore this costume in a high-school play not long before her rain-drenched body was found in a gully and even the police who gathered would not look at it



This was Maryann's home, the haven she sought that rainy night. At right, with police and reporters, is the father who gave up so much for her

Police Chief Edgar Mitchell of Whitman and Charles J. Moody, chief of Montgomery County detectives, bent over the body. Their men looked on silently. The face of each of the officers gathered there that Wednesday afternoon, December 30, 1939, was a blend of sadness and anger. They had never seen a more vicious crime.

And the victim was only a youngster. A teen-ager.

She lay on her back, her arms and legs outstretched. She had been strangled at least five times on the head with a sharp instrument, the wounds bone deep. Her clothes were torn and so was her body. Missing were her shoes and her underclothes—except for a piece of sweater strap that was still attached to one stocking. The rest of her clothes—a green dress, a gold-colored blouse, a green corduroy jacket and stockings—were drenched from the recent rain. An amethyst ring and a clasp ring with the initials M.T.M. were on her fingers. In her pockets was 51 cents and on the ground a tube of white lipstick. She had no purse, no identification papers.

Four employees of the Whitman Township highway department had been driving along the lane in a truck when one of them had spotted the body about 3:30 p. m.

Climbing up the embankment to talk to them, Chief Mitchell learned that the driver, John Bradenbach, had seen it first. What had caught his attention, Bradenbach said, was a glimpse of something green in the gully. "The only reason he had been able to see it while driving was because the cab of his truck was high; a motorist in a car would have been too low to notice it.

Chief Mitchell, finished with his questioning of the men, walked back to the lane's guard-rail. Gravelly he surveyed the scene. The point where he was standing was on a slight hill, about 75 feet south of Warren Hill Road. It was a rather desolate area, speckled with trees and brush. The nearest dwelling was some 400 feet away, and farther in the distance was the Eagle Lodge Country Club. At night the roads around here became lovers' lanes, their blackness dotted with parking lights.

Mitchell doubted, however, if this was a lovers' lane slaying, where the girl learns too late that her companion is cruel. Although the victim was covered with blood, relatively little blood was on the ground. Too, her body showed no sign of even slight decomposition. This seemed to indicate that she had been killed elsewhere, and not too long ago. Where? And when?

THAT spot was only about a mile from Philadelphia. The Philadelphia officials were notified immediately and quickly came up with a name for the victim. The school ring, the initials, the description of the slain girl—all tied in. She was Maryann Thomas Mitchell, only sixteen, a student at the Cecilian Academy, who lived with her parents on Dupont Street in the Manayunk section of the city. Late on the past Monday night Edwin Mitchell, her father, had reported to the police that she had not returned from a movie. She had been missing ever since.

Shown the victim's two rings, the distraught father identified them as his daughter's. Then, driven to the funeral home where the body had been taken, he made positive identification.

The funeral home soon was crowded with detectives. Among the Philadelphia officials were Chief Inspector John J. Kelly, Inspector George J. Kronbar, Detective Captain David Brown, commander of the homicide squad, Detective Lieutenant Andrew Waters of homicide and Detective Captain Clarence J. Ferguson, head of the special investigations squad. As the father emerged from the viewing room, crushed by grief, he spotted Captain Ferguson, whom he knew personally.

"Clarence, I—" But he couldn't finish. He slumped into a chair. "She was such a good girl, such a wonderful girl." "I know, Ed," Ferguson replied. And it was true, so true. An only child, she had been a shy, sensitive, deeply religious girl, active in the Girl Scouts, with a great ambition to become a nurse. Her parents had lavished her with love and all the material things they could afford. Because they'd wanted to give her the best of everything, they had sent her to a private school, even though her father made only a modest salary as an asbestos weaver. To help pay for it, her mother had taken a part-time job. Yet through it all, Maryann had remained unspoiled.

Ferguson said, "You have every reason to be proud of her, Ed."

The father nodded, eyes closed for a moment.

After a wait, Ferguson said, "Tell us about Monday. I think you reported that she left the house after dinner, right?"

The father, who had told this story to district detectives at the time of the disappearance, and that Maryann had gone out about six p. m. to take some Christmas gifts to a great-aunt, Mrs.

Emily Golligorsky, who lived eleven blocks away. From what he had learned later, she had gone there with a girl-friend from the neighborhood, Sophie Sulich, fifteen. At her great-aunt's she had received some gifts in return for herself and her parents. The two girls then left the house and met two other friends, Constance Kerna, fifteen, and Mary Ann Carney, sixteen. All four of them had come to a movie. Afterward they had stopped for something to eat. Maryann then decided she would take a bus home instead of walking. The others had left her on a street corner waiting for a bus. And that was the last they had seen of her.

"She always was home by half-past ten," Mitchell went on. "When it got to midnight, I knew something was wrong."

"Did she have a steady boy-friend?" Chief Inspector Kelly asked.

The father shook his head. He said that though Maryann was acquainted with many boys, she'd had very few dates. She had never seemed too interested in boys.

Chief Kelly showed him the white lipstick found near the body. "Do you know if this is hers?"

Mitchell said he had seen her use that shade. As for the red lipstick that marked her body, it was possible his daughter had carried two tubes with her.

The officials spoke next to the victim's three girl-friends. Although the district police had heard their story before, the investigators wanted it in greater detail. Until this afternoon there had been a routine case—not a horrible, audacious killing.

From the girls the officers learned

28 hours were missing from the timetable autopsists set up.



Mrs. Gillespie, last relative to see Maryann, and Sophie Sutch, who was "nast," someone warned



These glasses, Capt. Ferguson thought, might have been Maryann's. Above, Chief Moody, Lt. Waters, Chief Mitchell plan the search

that after Maryann had left her great-aunt's, she had opened her parents. She had been given three dollars in an envelope and a pair of blue sock-clippers. She also had been carrying two wrapped packages for her mother and father as well as a red and black umbrella, since it had been raining. These items had not been found.

The theater girls had gone to had been in the neighborhood—the Roxy, on Ridge Avenue in Philadelphia. The picture was "South Pacific."

They got out about 9:30, at which time Sophie left the group to stroll home with a neighborhood boy she had met in the movie. Maryann and the two others walked about ten blocks to a diner on Henry Avenue, north of Walnut Lane. There they had hamburgers, hot chocolate milk and soda. It was nearly 10:30 when they finished.

"Sometimes when we go out," Constance Kerna told the detectives, "I'd call my father to pick us up. Oh, if only I had done it then!"

Constance, who with Mary Ann Canney lived near the theater, went on to say that Maryann had talked about walking home but changed her mind.

"Because the weather was bad, she said she didn't feel like walking the two miles home."

"Where did she wait for the bus?"

"At Henry Avenue and Walnut Lane." Constance and Mary Ann Canney said that they had seen Maryann cross Henry Avenue to the bus stop. They saw a bus approaching, but they hadn't stopped to watch Maryann get on.

"Maryann would have to transfer at Lewriston and Ridge, wouldn't she?" Captain Ferguson asked. "And then walk about five blocks?"

Constance nodded.

Had the killer seized Maryann while she waited near the restaurant? Or at the transfer point? Or during the final walk home? The spot where her body was found was several miles from the restaurant.

Captain Brown asked for a description of the slain girl's missing shoes. They were, he was told, gray leather "Incidentally," Constance Kerna spoke up, "Maryann had a pair of my shoes, too."

She explained that on Sunday night both of them had gone to a dance at a neighborhood church. Many of the girls wore "flat" shoes to the dance and look along high heels to dance in. After the dance, Maryann had put Constance's black suede, buckle-type shoes in her handbag and then had forgotten to return them. She'd had them in her handbag on Monday night also and once again in neither of them had remembered at the end of the evening.

"You say she had a handbag," Chief Kelly said. This, too, had not been found. "What did it look like?"

It was, the girls said, a large leather tote bag. Furthermore, Maryann had been wearing a wide leather belt. This too was something that had not been on her body.

"Did Maryann seem depressed about anything?" Chief Kelly asked.

"Oh, no," Mary Ann Canney replied. "She said she was tired but she wasn't sad or worried or anything like that."

"Was she having trouble with any boys?"

"Not Maryann."

"Did she talk about anything in the future, about any plans she might have?"

"Just that we asked her if she could meet us Tuesday night and she said she couldn't. Her mother was working and she had to fix dinner for her father."

"One other question. And I want you to answer me in all honesty. Do you think Maryann got into a car with a stranger?"

"No!" Tears filled her eyes. "You just didn't know Maryann!"

The detectives' next stop was at the home of Mrs. Gillespie, Maryann's great-aunt. Mrs. Gillespie, who lived with her daughter, Mrs. Emily Tewalt, could help them on only one point—the contents of the packages Maryann had been taking home to her parents. They had contained four packs of cigarettes for her father and a green scarf and blue ceramic earrings for her mother.

The investigators then went to the diner where Maryann and her friends had stopped. A counter girl remembered them as a laughing and chattering trio. There'd had only a few customers and she was sure no man had followed the girls out into the wet, chill night.

Questioning of attendants at a service station next door to the diner likewise revealed no clue. Although the station was across the street from the bus stop, no one had seen the victim or heard any screams. Interrogation of bus drivers and employees of the Roxy Theater produced nothing. None of the theater personnel could help them, nor could any of the drivers on the routes she would have taken remember seeing a girl of her description that night.

For hours the officers dug after clues. As night fell and deepened, scores of officers worked on, roaming with flashlights along the various routes the killer might have followed in taking Maryann from Henry Avenue and Walnut Lane to Beren Hill, hoping to find some of her effects.

Late that night, Detective Howard Factor spotted a ballet-type slipper on the street not far from the Roxy Theater.

It was one of the slippers Maryann had been carrying for her friend. This was more than ten blocks from the spot where Maryann had been seen

Had the girl been in the hands of her kidnaper all that time?

last. Had the killer himself tossed it out of the car? How did it get there?

The following day, Thursday, an army of investigators swarmed over the scene where the body had been found. On the property of the Eagle Lodge Country Club, the car was pulled up and the gray leather shoes still had been worn shortly afterward, not too far from the scene. The car's motor compartment had been emptied, and flung about near it were many pictures of her acquaintances which it had had hanging on the walls.

At about the same morning, a call came in from a man named Andrew Johnstone. Her daughter had found a handbag which might be the victim's. The police raced to Johnstone's home, on Ridge Avenue just past the Philadelphia City Hall, and went to the victim's home by Captain Ferguson and there identified. It had been found on a neighbor's lawn, on Ridge Pike, by sixteen-year-old Elmer Johnstone at about 11:30 on Tuesday morning—the day after the disappearance. Elmer had observed the mud-covered shoe into the house and opened it. Nothing had been in it but a comb. Only when they'd heard about the slaying, the Johnstones realized how important the find could be.

"Maybe," Elmer said to the detectives who questioned her, "this has something to do with the car Charlie saw."

"Who's Charlie?" Chief Inspector Kelly asked.

He was Charles Gorman, Jr., nineteen, a friend of Elmer's older sister, Cecelia. He had been walking toward the Johnstones that when he had left their home, he had seen a car stop and park in the vicinity.

It had aroused his suspicions.

THE officers looked up the youth. Gorman said that about 11:30 p. m., getting into his car, he'd noticed an automobile parked some 30 feet in front of the Johnstone home. The car's headlights were off but the interior light was on. The driver seemed to be looking down at something. When Gorman turned on his own lights and started his car, the other man suddenly drove off and he didn't catch his headlights for half a block or more. He'd been heading in the direction of Barren Hill.

"Did you get a look at him?" Captain Brown asked.

"All I know is he had on a dark overcoat and topcoat. And I had the impression he wasn't a kid. Maybe in his thirties; something like that."

Ferguson said, "What about the car?"

Gorman answered that it was a 1958 Chevrolet sedan with a cocoa-colored bottom and a cream top. He, too, hadn't been able to see the license number, but he had become suspicious until the driver had sped away.

"What wasn't this?"

It was a mystery. Gorman said it had been the night before Elmer found the handbag—Tuesday night. However, he insisted that she had found the bag on Tuesday and therefore he had seen the car at 11:30 Monday night.

Maryann had disappeared at 10:20 Monday night and her body had been found Wednesday afternoon.

Because Gorman seemed so positive about the make and style of the car, the officials tested him at a busy intersection. To his no further identifying almost any auto that passed.

Meanwhile, a preliminary autopsy report had come in. The coroner and the physicians had determined that Maryann had died of a fractured skull and that she had been raped. Furthermore, the analysis of her stomach contents revealed that she had had a sandwich after she'd stopped at the diner with her friends. The sandwich she had been slain within twelve hours of when she was found.

Which, if correct, meant she had

been in the hands of her killer, alive and tormented, for at least 28 hours. And during those 28 hours she had eaten a sandwich.

What manner of criminal had done this? Was it a human being they were hunting?

Captain Ferguson, his voice choked, said, "Do you think he had an accomplice?"

Chief Inspector Kelly wondered, too. Unless the killer had kept her bound somewhere, he would have needed someone to stand by while she slept and went out for food. Were two men behind this most evil and heinous of crimes?

THE police, at the same time, were trying to get some idea of the scene that sprang from the clue of the Chevrolet. Back on the night of December 10, only a few blocks from where Maryann had been seen last, seventeen-year-old Joyce Ann Davis, a stenographer, had been slashed by an unknown man who had leaped out of a car, struck at her with a knife, then climbed back into the car and sped away. It was a 1958 Chevrolet, Miss Davis had said.

The same car? The same madman?

A manne who, unless he were caught soon, would smash his way out again?

The officers were discussing a plan of action when the phone rang. A bloody starter belt and a pair of pants had been found in the borough of Bridesport, which was about six miles from where the body had been discovered. Residents of the area, alerted by newspapers that some of Maryann's clothes were missing, had found in woods and fields and turned in to police more than 30 pairs of pants so far. However, in Bridesport, the officials had only to take a look at the garments to know they were the victim's. A part of one of the snifter straps was missing. It was a match for the piece of strap that had been on the dead girl's stockings.

The clothes were turned over to the city chemist for examination and the officials slugged into a three-pronged hunt. They wanted to question every teen-ager who had known Maryann. It was possible, they realized, that she got into a car with an acquaintance. They wanted to round up every known morals offender. And third, they wanted to determine the meaning—if meaning there was—of the arc and the letters and numerals on the victim's body.

The lipstick marks could stand as a number of things. As one officer pointed out, they might even be symbols used in determining an electrical connection which the killer had distorted with obscene connotation. Or the letters T.B. could be an abbreviation for tuberculosis. Perhaps the killer had been in a sanitarium and 191 had been his room number. Or T.B. might be his initials, and 191 could designate a barracks or a cell or a ward in an insane asylum. Then it could go much deeper. Psychologists would be the officials consulted, said that schizophrenics in particular resort to symbols which often represent nothing to anyone but themselves.

That afternoon, detectives also canvassed every nearby hospital and institution. They wanted the names of all missing patients and prisoners. The next day—Friday, New Year's Day—they went back to the city. On Monday, too, intensive questioning of Maryann's friends and acquaintances and the teen-agers who had been seen leaving a fire house next door to the Fifth District station house was used for the mass interrogations. While relays of officers took down statements, scores of youngsters were ushered in.

At about six o'clock that morning, at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, police learned that one of the patients, a young Marine, was AWOL. Recently returned from a tour of duty in Japan,

the Marine had been hospitalized because of erratic, anti-social behavior. He had been given leave at four p. m. on Christmas Eve and, though he hadn't been due back at the hospital the next Wednesday, he had not shown up. The Marine's name was Milton Benhall.

Milton T. Benhall. Were the letters T.B. the initials for his middle and last names? And the numbers 191—would or stockade cell where he once had been confined?

The police immediately wired the authorities in Benhall's home town in Massachusetts, asking them to be on the lookout for the youth. About an hour later, a long-distance call came through Benhall had been poked up.

Later that evening, Philadelphia officers arrived in Massachusetts by plane. They went straight from the airport to question Benhall.

Saturday morning, they were on their way back home alone. Benhall, who had been turned over to Naval authorities, definitely was not involved in the slaying. Friends and neighbors and airline reservation records verified his story that he had been in Massachusetts only for a few days since he had Philadelphia area was still at the mercy of a killer.

In fact, on that very same morning a letter came to one of the girls who had gone with Maryann to the movies. It read "Beware, you are next."

The letter had been received by Sophie Stutch. Officers examining it that Saturday at special headquarters, said it was postmarked December 31 and that it had been mailed from the suburb of Upper Darby.

A crack.

So far, nothing was working out. The questioning of teen-agers, which was still going on, as yet had produced no leads. And those few scores of morals offenders had been interrogated, each had a concrete alibi for Monday night. Detective Brown had just spoken to a car. Only one answered in any way the description of the auto seen where Maryann's purse was found. On the night of December 12, Mr. and Mrs. James Briggs of Norristown had come home to find several girls looting in their apartment. Car keys, some cash, cosmetics, two handbags, a woman's wrist watch, identification papers and the keys to a car that had been stolen. The car was a gold-and-blue 1958 Chevrolet.

Norristown is just across the river from Bridesport, where some of Maryann's clothes had been found.

THE threatening letter to Sophie Stutch was turned over to the police laboratory. Then another discovery was reported. Two girls, playing on a city-owned course near the Henry Avenue and Walnut Lane bus stop, had been seen by a police officer.

They discovered them on a part of the course that is a block north and a block east from where Maryann would have boarded the bus.

Hurrying there, Captain Ferguson examined the clothes gingerly, careful not to mix any fingerprints that might be on them. They were gold-rimmed and old-fashioned, the left lens shattered and the frames bent. Their serial data were on the right lens. Blood?

Leaving members of his squad to see still at the bus stop, Chief Inspector Ferguson sped to the Mitchell home with the glasses. There he learned that, though Maryann had used glasses for reading, these were not hers, nor had she taken her with her on Monday evening. They might be the killer's, though. The police lab would make further tests; possibly they were lipstick traces.

(Continued on page 56)



Still missing is a wide belt like this. Below, Mrs. Janet Bryson



Shortly before Maryann's death her killer slashed Joyce Davis, above, police say, and fled in a stolen car technicians are examining at right



In the car was this bloody bumper jack, Technician Jennings claims, and missing was a wrist watch the man below gave to Mrs. Bryson





# SHERIFF KING'S

## LAST DAY IN OFFICE

The Montgomery County, Mississippi, officer's final job was his toughest—to find his deputy's killer

IT WAS Sheriff Lawrence L. King's final 24 hours in office, and so a part of his routine was to go out on a patrol in the little town of Winona, Mississippi, with Deputy Arthur Henson. Deputy William J. Kelly, who was going out of office, too, was putting the files in shape for the officers who would take over Monday morning, January 4, 1969. The night was warm and humid for that time of year, and the dark, silent streets seemed as peaceful as the streets of a town of 2,400 population usually look at ten minutes of two on a Sunday morning when King and Henson rode past the Montgomery County courthouse.

Henson touched the sheriff's arm. "The lights are still on in the office, Larry," he said. "I didn't know Kelly was working this late."

Sheriff King, a stocky, gray-haired man in his early 50's, frowned. "I didn't either," he said. "Pull over to the curb and let's see what's keeping him."

The sheriff unlocked the front door of the courthouse, and Henson followed him down the dark corridor to the offices on the first floor. At first glance, the brightly lit office looked empty.

"Where's Kelly?" asked King. "He knows better than to leave the place unlocked."

"Maybe he stepped out for a cup of coffee," suggested the deputy.

Sheriff King tossed his broad-brimmed hat onto the counter that runs partially across the front of the large room. Our last day in office and he pulls a fool stunt like this. Well, let's close up and go home."

Then they found Deputy Kelly.

The handsome young officer lay face down just inside the open door of a walk-in vault. His face and head were a mass of knife wounds and bruises. Blood had formed a large pool on the floor, the wall was splattered.

For a moment the two officers simply stared at their colleague's mutilated body. Then the sheriff grabbed the telephone, and soon he was talking to the nearest state highway patrol station at Greenwood, 30 miles west of Winona. He then telephoned the home of Coroner J. W. Herring and informed him of the slaying. His next call was to Sheriff-elect Earl Wayne Partridge who, by now a state of deputies, was to take over the sheriff's office on Monday.

The call completed, King instructed Henson to examine every door and window in the two-story building for any sign of a forced entry.

Kelly's pockets are turned inside-out to see if there's a good chance that robbery was the motive," King said.

Henson returned in a few minutes to report no sign of a forced entry. "Whoever did it either had a key, or 'll get

him in."

He shook his head, still numb with the shock of the discovery. "Nobody's going to take this mighty hard."

The sheriff's lips tightened, and he nodded silently. Tucky was the victim's nickname for his 22-year-old wife.

As the two men talked, the coroner arrived, followed a few minutes later by Gwin Cole, assistant chief of the highway patrol's identification bureau; Kenneth Fairly, another state investigator; Patrolmen J. A. Love and Lloyd Oakwood; Sheriff-elect Partridge and the incoming district attorney, Clavin Jackson.

THEY discovered that, in addition to the many head and back wounds, the deputy had been stabbed repeatedly in the neck and chest. Coroner Herring stated that the head wounds had become fatal by a blunt, oval-shaped instrument, such as a ball-pen hammer. When an examination of the dead man's hands failed to show any bruises, he concluded that Kelly had been struck down before he could put up a fight for his life.

The slain deputy's pockets contained a key ring, a pack of cigarettes, a handkerchief and a book of matches. No money. Sheriff King and Deputy Henson recalled that Kelly always carried a brown leather wallet. It was not on

his body, and a search of the office failed to reveal it.

King examined the contents of the vault and reported that the county tax money, amounting to several hundred dollars, was intact. Nothing else seemed to be missing.

While Cole examined the room for clues, Fairly questioned Sheriff King. "Purdy questioned Sheriff King. 'Kelly was here working here, but I thought he was finishing up. We made all our routine stops such as taverns and juke joints, and we were driving by the courthouse when we noticed the lights were still on. We investigated and found the body.'"

"Did you communicate with Kelly at any time after you left the office?"

"No."

Coroner Herring interrupted at this point to say that from the size and shape of the stab wounds, the killer had used a switch-blade knife.

"He was stabbed at least twenty-five times," Herring said. "As for the time of death, sometime between ten and eleven last night is the closest I can figure it."

After Cole had fingerprinted and photographed the body from a dozen different angles, it was taken to a fu-

neral home in Jackson, where the autopsy would be performed.

Meanwhile, Patrolmen Love and Oakwood were searching the other offices and the grounds surrounding the hill courthouse for clues. Despite an intermittent rain that had fallen in the Winona area during the week, softening the ground, they could find no footprints. In one of the corridor closets, however, Oakwood picked up a short piece of iron pipe with suspicious-looking stains on it. He turned it over to the lab men for a chemical analysis.

Fairly had finished questioning Sheriff King and Deputy Henson. He concluded, as Henson had, "Either Kelly let his killer into the office or he was caught completely by surprise by someone who got in with a key."

"And how would anyone get a key?" asked King.

"It's not impossible," said the state investigator. "The killer might have borrowed somebody's keys enough to have a duplicate made."

"I think we should canvass every home in the area," suggested Partridge. "Somebody might have seen something."

His advice was good, because Oakwood quickly located a valuable witness. Mrs. Sarah Rollins who lived behind the courthouse on Summit Avenue. Mrs. Rollins said that she had seen on the porch waiting for her dog to return from his nightly outing when she saw two men walking toward the courthouse. Her attention had been drawn to them because one of the men looked around several times as if to see whether anyone was following them.

"Do you remember what time this was?" asked the patrolman.

"Ten o'clock or a few minutes after."

"Can you describe those men?"

"It was too dark to see their faces," said the woman. "But both of them were fairly tall and I think they were wearing overalls."

Sheriff King asked that the canvass of the area be intensified for anyone

(Continued on page 22)



Sheriff King, left, assisted Gwin Cole, right, during the early days of the death probe



The Kelly family: Bill, the deputy who didn't finish his last day's work; Minnie, for whom his death was a special tragedy; and Baby Jeff



The courthouse at night where the sheriff discovered his deputy's body, right, State Investigator Fairly with Kelly's blood-soaked clothing

By Charles L. Burgess  
Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE  
STORIES

A happy family circle was presented by the Clutters before college, marriage—and gunfire shattered their household



## Kansas' Latest Sensation: WHO KILLED FOUR

Shotgun blasts killed the father, mother, son and daughter

CHURCH bells chimed their weekly call to the 300 residents of tiny Holcomb, Kansas, that brisk and crisp Sunday morning of horror, November 15, 1935, as Clarence Ewalt turned his sedan down the mile-long, tree-lined lane leading to the comfortable home where Herb Clutter, prominent farmer and stockman, lived with his wife, Bonnie, and two teen-aged youngsters.

It was shortly before nine a. m. and the sun was shimmering in a cloudless sky. Despite the serene air of inactivity, an occasional car or truck started up a brown dust cloud on Holcomb's dirt main street, and several young children, dressed for Sunday school, played near the cluster of small homes surrounding the grade school.

Nancy Ewalt, Clarence's sixteen-year-old daughter, and her friend, Susan Kidwell, barely waited for the car to

stop rolling before they hopped out and bounded up the hedge-lined walk calling to their schoolmate, sixteen-year-old Nancy Clutter. In a stockpen about 100 yards west of the spacious two-story brick and frame house, Alfred Blockstein, who had worked on the Clutter ranch for several years, heaved a few stranders from the cattle yard. Nearby, Victor Irsk and three of his six sons went about the early-morning chores necessary to the operation of the 350-acre farm.

The two girls ran up the stairs leading to the concrete porch behind the kitchen and pushed open the door, which never was locked. Every Sunday for several months the two teen-agers had been calling at the Clutter home to take their classmate and her fifteen-year-old brother, Kroyen, to church.

Outside, Ewalt said to his wife, "I sure wish those two would hurry—"

An ear-piercing scream burst from the house—a girl's scream of terror. Ewalt leaped from the car and opened for the house, his footsteps speeded by inner screams.

As he reached the walk he was met by his daughter Stark terror filled the girl's eyes.

"Daddy! Oh, Daddy! They're dead! Nancy's dead—they're all dead!" she ran into her father's outstretched arms. Ewalt urged his daughter into the car, then apprehensively entered the Clutter home. As he hurried through the kitchen toward the stairs he saw that the telephone wire leading to the extension phone had been jerked from the wall. He ran upstairs. Living only three miles north of the Clutter home, he had been a frequent visitor and knew which rooms were occupied by the various members of the family. Nancy's was the first one.

As he entered Nancy's room, Ewalt saw a large teddy-bear propped up on an overstuffed chair against the wall. The bear's bottom eyes seemed transfixed on the murderer scene which slumped the horrified farmer at the threshold.

Nancy lay in the center of her bed facing a blood-spattered wall. She had been bound hand and foot with what appeared to be nylon cash cord. A silk scarf which also had been used to tie up her hair coiled the night before was pulled tight through her mouth and tied in a blood-soaked knot at the back of her head. She had been alone.

Blood from a head-on contact wound in the back of her head stained the bed a hideous red and painted a macabre smile on the nearby wall. Ewalt felt a sweep of nausea as he backed from the room. He rushed quickly to the next bedroom, occupied



From their rich farm to the tiny town of Holcomb and the larger center of Garden City, the Clutters were loved and respected

## OF THE CLUTERS?

in their prairie farm home, without meaning or clue

by Mrs. Clutter. There the chilling scene was duplicated. The 40-year-old farm wife lay diagonally across her bed. Her nightgown was a scarlet shroud from the blood which had spurted from a horrible wound in the sole of her face. She too had been bound hand and foot with the nylon rope, then alone. Adhesive tape had been used as a crude gag across her mouth.

Again the farmer fought down the sickness rising up his throat. He ran to the third bedroom and found it empty.

"Herb, Kenyon, where are you?" he called.

From the second-floor death room Ewalt ran back to the kitchen and into the small adjoining office, from which Clutter had operated his wheat and cattle business. Besides his farm, the prosperous farmer handled almost 1,000 acres of wheatland and ran about 200

head of registered cattle. With the help of Kenyon Clutter, the fifteen-year-old house student, basketball and track star at Holcomb high school had been killed by a shotgun blast in the face. He too had been tied with nylon cord and gazed with adhesive tape.

Ewalt immediately ran to the small office to telephone the police, but these wires, too, had been pulled from the wall. He rushed outside to his car and sped the two miles to the Kidwell home, where he telephoned police and the Finney County sheriff's office in Garden City, seven miles east of Holcomb on U. S. Highway 98.

Sheriff Earl Robinson, Under Sheriff Wendell Meyer and Investigator E. C. Rohlfeder, the assistant chief of Garden City police, ran to their cars and hurried west to answer Ewalt's plea for help.

At the farmhouse, a small crowd had gathered, including members of the Irsk family and neighbors who lived on small places bordering the Clutter property.

"Keep those people out of here," Robinson told Meyer as he and Rohlfeder followed Ewalt into the house. A few minutes later they came out again, the shock of the grisly reality reflected in their sunken-faced faces.

"Get to a phone and call the county attorney and some ambulances," the sheriff instructed Meyer. "Tell them to bring four litters. They're all dead."

While Meyer was en route to a neighborhood farm to make the necessary telephone calls, the sheriff and Investigator Rohlfeder took several evidence pictures. It was almost eleven a. m. by the time the two cars carrying Duane West, 25-year-old Finney County attorney, and Bill Brown, editor of the Garden City Telegram, pulled into the farmyard.

By E. J. Hayes

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



The county attorney and the undersheriff with the weapons used to kill four

Kill agent Al Dewey took time out from the search to help bury his good friends

Knots that cattlemen call a clove and a half-hitch held four for their execution



followed by two ambulances. By this time Sheriff Robinson and Rohleder had finished a preliminary inspection of the inside of the house and were searching the grounds near the two outside doors for any clues that might have been left by the killer or killers.

The taking of even one life is a rare tragedy in Garden City, a farm community of about 11,000, and as the youthful county attorney walked into the house of death he had little idea of what to expect. Prior to that black Sunday, West had handled the investigation of only one other slaying—one in which in-law trouble had led to a shooting. Actually all types of crime are rare in Finney County and especially in the community of Garden City, known as a haven for one of this country's few remaining herds of buffalo. In the past four years no major crimes of violence had been reported and only a few minor thefts, bogus checks and disturbances dotted the police records.

Doctor Robert M. Penton, Finney County coroner, was called out of a Sunday-school class in Garden City at the same church which the Clutter family attended. He made only a preliminary examination of his friends' bodies at the scene and set up plans for more detailed studies at the hospital later.

THE gears of the investigation meshed into action. West notified Captain Gerald Murray, chief of the sixth division of the Kansas highway patrol, who ordered a nineteen-county road block. All suspicious cars were stopped. Hitchhikers were questioned. Transients and bums found themselves guests in county jails where they were held for questioning.

Meanwhile, the county attorney, leaving the death scene to be searched by Sheriff Robinson and Investigator Rohleder, set in motion the operations of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation with a call to Loren Sanford, director of the bureau, at his home in Topeka, Kansas, the state capital.

The KBI, as it is known in Kansas, is patterned after the FBI. Bureau agents are assigned to the bureau and work directly under the supervision of Attorney General John Anderson, Jr. One team of agents operates out of the main headquarters in Topeka and resident agents are assigned to the major police centers of the state.

Sanford answered West's call and promised immediate aid. He quickly telephoned Wichita, the state's largest city, where Garden City's resident agent, Al Dewey, veteran investigator, was working on another case.

"Al, you'd better get home as quickly as possible. I'm afraid you have a real bad one on your hands," the director said over the long-distance wires. "Four people by the name of Clutter have been shot down to death. I'll see you out there later today."

Dewey, who looks more like a lean, tanned, high-school coach than a detective, almost dropped the receiver when Sanford mentioned the victims' name. He was a long-time friend of the Clutter family and often had visited in their home.

With Dewey on the way, Sanford rounded his reserves and quickly built an investigative team. In Topeka he rounded up small, balding and grizzled Roy Church and Agent Harold Nye and headed west after alerting Agent Wendell Cowan, the state's polygraph expert, to be ready to go to Garden City at a moment's notice.

Back in Garden City, as local officers tried to sort and classify their scattered information and evidence, Doctor Penton conducted a closer post-mortem examination of the four victims.

"Apparently each was shot once with a heavy shotgun, possibly a twelve gauge," he told County Attorney West.

"Herb's throat was slashed with some sort of heavy knife also and I think either wound would have been fatal."

When Doctor Penton said that neither Mr. Clutter nor Nancy had been seen since he died, West broke a sigh of relief.

"Well, at least we don't have a sex psychopath on the loose in the community," he said to the coroner. "We have enough on our hands without that."

As he left the hospital for the court-house offices of Sheriff Robinson, West thought over the events of the past few hours. Four members of a wealthy farm family had been slain. No apparent motive, no weapon and no visible explanation for the slayings had been turned up. Neither the Stockleien family nor the Bruks had heard the shots or seen anyone enter or leave the house. However the distance of their homes and their location in relation to the farmhouse could explain this, he reasoned.

West saw the lights over the desk as he passed the office where Editor Brown was writing the story of the massacre for Monday's edition of the Telegram. He remembered that the editor had been a long-time friend of Herb Robinson. Clutter and knew the four Clutter children personally. Brown often had covered news stories dealing with community activities in which Herb Clutter had taken a leading role—like the building of a new church; he had been present when a long-time friend of his, Dr. Anna, had married the Jarchoe boy and moved to Illinois; and when Beverly Clutter's second daughter, now 23, had gone away to attend classes at the Kansas University Medical Center.

Sanford's with Agent Church and Nye, already had reached Sheriff Robinson's offices on the third floor of the limestone courthouse when West entered. Law enforcement men were waiting. A fog was moving into town in the first hours of early darkness and already light had been cast by the line of official cars near the bronze replica of the Statue of Liberty in the courthouse yard. It was going to be a cold night.

WITH the arrival of Dewey, Sheriff Robinson and Undersheriff Meier, the KBI agents and West tried to piece through their meager information. The bits of rope which had been cut from the victims' hands and feet were examined. They proved one thing if nothing else: The killer was familiar with knots. The ropes had been tied in a combination clove and half-hitch, knots commonly used in the cattle country.

The pictures Rohleder had taken at the scene were enlarged and examined. At first nothing new was noticed, but closer study of the pictures of the victim's body showed something. On the cardboard mattress cover on which the body had been spread was the flash of a photographer's bulb brought to light something which had been invisible to the naked eye. A set of footprints in the prints had been made by a work boot with a peculiar diamond-shaped design on the sole.

Monday morning brought the first written words on the tragic slayings to the townspeople. At details of the mass shooting swept through the community of Garden City, a steady stream of cars could be seen heading west toward Holcomb. At the same time, the community was forced to establish a blockade on the lane leading to the Clutter farm to preserve any evidence as the morbidly curious swarmed to the scene.

At the Clutter farm, friends of the slain family moved about the house doing up the last remaining details of the day's tragedy. Alfred Stockleien shook his head slowly and muttered to himself as he crawled about Nancy's bed-

(Continued on page 69)



"It wasn't that I didn't love Charles," lovely Lois Clark, right, told police. Charles, her Scoutmaster husband, is at the left

## TRAILING OHIO'S LOVE SNIPER

Out of the night the bullet had come, police knew in Mentor, Ohio.  
The night and the past—and they'd have to go back to find the killer

**C**HRISTMAS EVE is a silent night, the song states. It was appropriately silent for residents of Mentor, Ohio, a Cleveland suburb, except for one inconspicuous sound.

The crack of a rifle shot. Only three persons, possibly four, heard that shot. The person who fired it, lovely Lois Clark, in the kitchen of her home on Assala Drive. Her twelve-

year-old daughter, Carol. And perhaps Charles Clark, Lois' husband, who was opening a can of pumpkin filling for a pie when the bullet that rifle had fired entered his brain.

Lois Clark was startled by the sound. Her first thought was that the can of pumpkin had exploded somehow. But as she turned to her husband, his short, stocky body already was crumpling to

the floor. Blood was running from a small bullet hole in his right temple. The cool wind from nearby Lake Erie whistled softly through the bullet-shattered kitchen and storm windows and was met by a scream from Carol.

It was several minutes before dazed Lois Clark could find the telephone number for the Mentor police. Charles Clark was dead on arrival at the Lake

County Memorial Hospital in nearby Painesville, the county seat.

Mentor Police Chief Frank Hathy was walking at the hospital when Doctor Richard McBurney, the county coroner, arrived to examine the body.

"A small-caliber bullet or an air-gun pellet," McBurney judged. "Probably a twenty-two. I'll get it out and then we can tell definitely."



John Oxsing: He had a Christmas Eve quest who came back to see him a few days later

Floyd Hargrove: "You may find this hard to believe but I know I was doing wrong"

Hathy, at 33 a nine-year veteran of police work, swung his six-foot, one-inch frame off the edge of a desk and started for the door.

"I'll be at the Clark home," he said. "Tell Bill Evans I'll see him there." Bill Evans was Sheriff William B. Evans. And for Hathy, Evans and McBurney, the night was only the first of a sleepless series as they dug into the mysterious Christmas Eve slaying of Charles Clark. Who could have shot him? Why?

AT THE Clark home, the wife of the dead man was in a state of semi-shock when Hathy arrived.

"I thought the can of pumpkin had exploded," she told him tremulously. The attractive 30-year-old brunette sat with her four bewildered and stunned children in the living room of their home. She held close the frightened daughter who had seen her father die. Lights from the Christmas tree were inconspicuously gay in the house where sudden death had won a race with Santa Claus.

The little girl trembled as she stated that she and her mother had washed the dinner dishes together at the sink. Then, when the mother set out to make a pie, Carol decided to help her by opening a can of filling. The task proved too much for her small hands. "Daddy came into the kitchen to do it for me," the child concluded.

"Was he there long?" Chief Hathy asked gently.

The girl shook her head. "He just took it from me when—" The child's eyes opened wide and she covered her ears.

Hathy studied the kitchen carefully.

While one of his officers stood on the patio outside, he flashed a beam through the bullet-pierced double windows, holding his light to follow the course of the bullet in a straight line, he could approximate the direction from which it came. Outside, the patrolman followed the light beam until he was stopped by a tree.

In the yard, the police chief and his men went over the ground carefully. The earth was frozen and too hard to show shoe marks. At the front of the house, man-sized footprints, several days old, led to the front picture window of the Clark residence.

Hathy asked Mrs. Clark if anyone had been bothering or disturbing their household lately.

"Someone has been calling me on the telephone," she told him. "It's a man's voice and he always asks me for a date." The Merriott police chief frowned. "I remember your husband came down to headquarters about three weeks ago," he said. "He complained about some suggestive calls you were getting from a stranger."

The attractive, raven-haired woman dabbed her eyes with a small handkerchief. "It started about Thanksgiving." The police official glanced at the children. "Could we talk alone?" he suggested.

When the youngsters had been sent to their rooms, Hathy added another fact about Clark's complaint. "Your husband told me a man phoned him at his office and said you'd been seeing someone else."

Mrs. Clark had known of this charge, she told Hathy. When her husband asked her about it she told him that she, too, was getting crank calls. The voice

on the telephone had used the threat of talking to her husband as a means of trying to force him to date her. When she refused him, he apparently had followed through.

"Have you had any more calls?" the



This, Chief Hathy claims, is the willy-nilly death gun which led investigators into the lake, then into a creek

police chief asked. "I mean since your husband's complaint?"

Low Clark said that, following this, several calls were made after midnight. Each time, the caller had hung up right away. Finally, a week before Christmas, the mysterious calls had stopped.

At the end of this restful time room was quiet again. The children were upstairs and the tree lights darkened. Outside, patrolmen went about the patient job of searching the grounds for clues. Their flashlights were visible to the pair inside. The police chief shifted his large frame anxiously on the edge of his chair. He cleared his throat before he spoke.

"Mrs. Clark," he said earnestly, "if there is anything you could tell me, I wish you would. It might be very important."

The woman's eyes were large with surprise. She did not reply.

Hathy continued, "It might help us find out who killed your husband."

THE lights of an official county car shone through the picture window as it turned from the street toward the Clark house. Low Clark's and Chief Hathy's shadows were cast against the walls for one brief instant of silence. Then the doorbell rang.

Chief Hathy went out to greet Sheriff Evans. The six-foot, 215-pound peace officer went over the ground with Hathy. Accompanied by deputies and patrolmen, the two officials re-examined the bullet holes in the storm and ash windows of the kitchen. They studied once again the path the bullet must have followed on its way to Charles Clark's brain.

"No chance of its being an accident," Hathy pointed out.

Sheriff Evans pushed his troopers' hat, with its big star, back on his forehead and sighted along the line of fire.

"The bullet came along an upward path," he confirmed.

Hathy indicated the tree in the back yard. "A sniper probably sneaked up to that point and waited for his chance to fire."

The crotch of a Y formed by two limbs provided a perfect firing position for a good marksman. Distance between this point to where Clark's body had fallen was measured at 44 feet. Even a small weapon could kill at this range. Both officers agreed they would like to see the back yard area in daylight.

(Continued on page 62)

*Our Fights Have Turned  
to Kisses!*

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**I**T'S hard to believe that my wife and I used to fight. We argued and bickered so often that we suddenly realized our marriage was breaking up! Our family doctor gave us some advice that probably saved our marriage. Otherwise normally healthy people, he told us, may become run-down and over-tired because of a vitamin-mineral deficiency.

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By *Enli Franchel*

# HYPNOTISM and the DELINQUENT

Hypnotism can prevent a career of crime  
as well as end one. An expert tells how

**W**ITHIN the past few years, police scientists and technologists have discovered a new and insoluble aid in crime detection—hypnotism. It is being used more and more by police departments across the country, not only as an aid in interrogation but also to uncover clues and descriptions which have become locked in the memories of witnesses.

Orsival, Detective Stories has asked one of the country's foremost experts on this subject, Enli Franchel of Van Nuys, California, to explain it as fully as possible. In previous articles Mr. Franchel has discussed this aspect as well as shown how hypnotism in the hands of the unscrupulous can be used to commit crimes and also to subvert the morals of a subject. Here he goes into an even newer aspect of the field—the use of hypnotism in crime prevention.—The Editor.

**A**NY discussion of hypnotism in crime prevention should start with one flat, unequivocal statement: Hypnotism by itself cannot turn an habitual criminal or thug into a respected member of society. Nor can a teen-age punk who beats up elderly women and snatches their purses, be hypnotized magically into a Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Hypnotism may appear to be magic but it isn't. It is no cure-all. The dentist uses it to alleviate pain while he repairs the damage to an infected tooth. He doesn't use it to tell the patient he has no toothache and then let the infection spread. A doctor may hypnotize a patient so there will be no pain. But unless the infected appendix is removed, the patient may die.

The use of hypnotism in crime prevention and juvenile delinquency should be the tool of the trained psychologist or psychiatrist. Its chief value is as a short cut to getting at the roots of troubles.

However, before delving into these aspects, I would like to bring to the reader's attention a case in which hypnotism recently made the headlines of sports pages across the country. It has no connection with crime, for the young man involved is a well-respected college student. I bring it up only because the application, under changed circumstances, is quite adaptable to many cases of juvenile delinquency.

Coaches and fellow players had noticed that a player on the basketball team of a West Coast university showed much more ability in practice than during an actual game. He was placed under hypnosis by the team physician and as a result, in a holiday tournament, he scored 60 points, made 63 rebounds and was named to the all-tournament team.

Hypnosis had freed the player's spirit, the physician said. "I brought him down into a trance, then a deeper trance, and I told him he was about to play the best game of his life. And he did."

A psychiatrist was interviewed on the question and replied, "It would of course be unethical to bankrupt a man's store of energy and drive him beyond the point of exhaustion. But as for hypnosis as it is properly used, I see no difference between it and the old pep talk coaches like to give their teams."

At approximately the same time a three-day conference of the Society of Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis was being held in San Francisco.

Doctor Franz Baumann of Children's Hospital told the conference that he had used hypnotherapy on nine potential and actual juvenile delinquents and that he was astonished at their response. A fifteen-year-old boy had instigated the technique by asking the doctor for help, stating that he knew he was going to do something wrong and didn't believe he could stop himself.

Another psychiatrist, Doctor Ralph Stokheise of the University of Washington, reported that he had been using hypnotherapy—hypnosis as an aid to psychotherapy—for eighteen months on potential delinquents. Through it, he said, he was able to cut in half the usual length of time necessary to make an analysis of a delinquent, the first step in getting at the root of his trouble and removing it.

Of these two stories, the second obviously is much more vital. It is extremely more important that we take steps to curb juvenile delinquency than it is that we run up a basketball score.

Regardless, the strong point to be made is this: treatment of the basketball player and of the juvenile delinquent were almost identical.

In the first case the doctor found that the basketball player was unsure of himself when in front of a crowd. This uncertainty caused him to hesitate in his decisions, slowed down his game and kept him from being a good player.

By instilling confidence in the player, through hypnotism, the doctor removed the mental block. Thus the athlete allowed his subconscious mind, which had been trained through many practice sessions, to react immediately to a given situation and take over.

In the case of the juvenile delinquent reported by Doctor Baumann, through hypnosis (Continued on page 67)

# HUNTING THE PAINTING KILLER of OLD MEN



The Beast, according to police, and on facing page, Grove Street, cross showing where the last victim fell, arrow, spot from which witnesses watched

**A** LOOK of anger was splashed across the face of Chief Edward Toothman that morning when Captain Sid Brown and Inspector Norman Deusel ended his office.

"What kind of a police department do we have here anyway?" Toothman demanded without preamble.

The others shifted uneasily without answering.

"Old men?" Toothman cried. "Tired little old men getting beat up every day and we can't stop it?"

"I don't care how often it is!" Toothman replied. "Oste is too often! Now you get out and find that kid before he kills someone!"

The officers turned to leave.

"What are you doing about it?" Toothman yelled after them.

They told him. Every available squad car was being concentrated after dark in the Grove Street area—since, for some unaccountable reason, the monster had struck so far only on Grove Street. Every victim had been questioned closely in an effort to get a description. Every convict in the vicinity had been questioned. And still the police knew nothing.

The phantoms operated only after dark. He sprang from the shadows of alleys and doorways along Grove Street, and he struck only at old men—every one of his victims was well above 55. In each case he used no weapon other than his fists and in each case he had injured his elderly victim severely.

Somewhere he had to be caught. For sooner or later his brutality, as Chief Toothman had said, would bring about a death.

**T**HURSDAY night, October 8, 1959, 71-year-old Pietro Trabucchi walked slowly along Grove Street in Oakland, California, on his way home from dinner in a small restaurant.

As he hung heavily on Pietro's tired body. But the night was warm and the food had been good. Pietro was happy.

He walked slowly past 4th Street on Grove. A shadow sprang out of a doorway like a leaping panther and a blow to the back of the neck sent Pietro reeling.

Before he sprawled on the concrete walk, he managed a frightened cry.

A few doors down and on the other side of the street, a woman had just come out of her home. She heard the cry. It was dark but she saw, outlined against the lights of the street corner, someone fall and then falling fast beating at the person who had fallen.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

The attacker looked up. He seemed poised to charge across the street at her. Undaunted, her purse clutched firmly in her hand as a weapon, she moved toward the man.

And then, like a frightened coyote caught in the act of tearing at the vitals of his prey, the figure turned and ran.

Someone summoned the police and an ambulance. It was too late. Trabucchi was dead. The blow that had sent

him sprawling on the sidewalk had cracked his skull like the shell of an egg.

His killer had failed to get his wallet—a wallet which held only \$3.05.

The monster of Grove Street had killed at last.

Homicide inspectors Sam Madson and Ernest Clarke were assigned to the case. Since they felt little doubt that the killer was the mugger who had slugged and robbed the other elderly men in the same area, their first move was to talk to the officers who had conducted the previous investigation.

"Do you have any leads at all?" Madson asked Deusel.

Most of the victims had been unable to see the person who attacked them—the figure had come out of the shadows and struck them from behind. Deusel explained.

"About all we know is that he is a young fellow, around six feet tall. Sometimes he wears a gray jacket."

**T**HIS meager description had come from Michael J. Loughrey, a 79-year-old man who had been struck down on Grove Street just six blocks from where Trabucchi was killed.

Loughrey still was in the hospital suffering from shock and several fractures as the result of the brutal attack. Madson and Clarke interviewed him there.

"All I had was five dollars," the elderly man told them from his hospital bed. "I would have given him that gladly to save this."

"Did you see the man who charged you?" Madson asked.

"Not before he hit me," Loughrey answered. "I was just walking along about eight o'clock. I didn't think anyone was even near me—then something hit me in the back of the neck."

Like Trabucchi, Loughrey had been sent sprawling face first. Fortunately, he had managed to throw his arms out to break the fall although the rough concrete had scoured the skin from his face.

"I guess I was knocked out for a minute," the victim said. He added with a wry grin, "But I'm still a pretty tough old guy. I wasn't out very long."

Loughrey told the detectives that when he regained consciousness the mugger was straddling him, panting like an animal, and going through his pockets.

"I turned my head and saw his face," Loughrey said. "I'll remember him for a long time. When he got off me after taking my wallet, he kissed me in the head and I passed out again."

Loughrey described the mugger as a young man possibly in his early 20s, about six feet tall and wearing a gray jacket. Other than that, he couldn't help the detectives.

Going over the previous reports, Madson and Clarke noted again that every attack had taken place on Grove Street, and all within 35 blocks.

"This fellow must live somewhere around there," Madson told Chief Toothman. "After he jumps the old

By Tom Walters Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



Old men of Oakland, Calif., beware. Walk not on these six blocks of Grove Street, for a violent death awaits you there at the hands of a coward

men, he runs back to his place and hides. That's why the cruiser cars and men on foot haven't spotted him."

"Why do you think he only runs after old men?" Tushman asked. "He got less than fifty dollars from all the muggings put together."

"He picks on old men because he's a coward," Clarke said. "When he killed poor old Trumbach, he ran away from a woman. I guess he's afraid to pick on anyone who could put up a fight."

Cruiser-car officers on Grove Street picked up several youths, who were taken in to be viewed by Loughrey from his hospital bed.

Each time Loughrey shook his head. "You find the right one and I'll know him," the courageous old man said.

But the right one was still at large—to strike again and again.

His next victim was 81-year-old Luther Davies, whose pockets yielded only 25 cents. Harold Jenkins, a 61-year-old man, lost six dollars in a similar attack.

As the depredations continued, the newspapers blazoned each new one in headlines. Police headquarters was swamped with calls from citizens demanding to know why the police were unable to afford protection to people on the street.

But every advantage was with the mugger. He could wait, lurking in a dark doorway or pressed against the side of a building in an alley, until he was certain that no one was near the victim before he struck. And within moments of the attack, he was gone, running down an alley to disappear into the night.

"We've questioned at least a hundred suspects," Madson said. "It's possible

that one of them is the killer. But he takes only money and we have no evidence. The only one who had a good look at him is Loughrey and I'm not too sure that he will be able to make an identification."

On the night of November 17, 76-year-old Frederick Sterne was walking home from a neighborhood grocery with a loaf of bread and a quart of milk for breakfast the next morning. He was struck down and robbed of the change from a five-dollar bill he had used to buy the groceries.

As in the many other cases, the vicious assault put Sterne in the hospital. Madson and Clarke questioned him there.

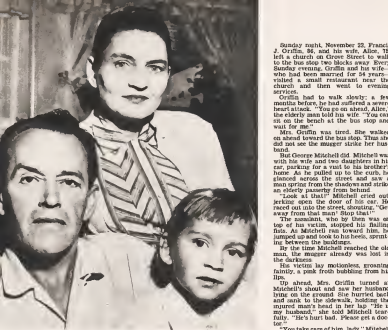
"I wasn't unconscious at any time," Sterne told the detectives. "After I fell, he jumped on top of me and went through my pockets. I asked him why he was doing that to an old man and he said he needed paint."

"What?" Madson asked. "Paint?" "That's what he said," Sterne replied. "He said, 'It's too bad, old man, but I got to have paint.'"



Francis Griffin, the last victim, and at the left the abstractions for which Griffin paid with his life





The Mitchell family was just too late to save an old man



Time after time the police arrested young hoodlums, confiscating these weapons. But The Beast escaped

Clarke spelled out the word. "You're sure he said 'paint'?"

"That's what it sounded like to me." "What had the mugger-killer meant by saying he needed paint? Was this some kind of beating jargon for narcotics? Or had the injured old man heard the term incorrectly?"

Officer Tom Goodrum of the narcotics squad was called in. He had established a reputation for his ability to infiltrate the underworld by imitating the mannerisms and learning the language. He never had heard the word "paint"—or any word sounding like it—used by narcotics addicts as one of their colorful terms for various kinds of dope. However he volunteered to inquire among the beatniks concerning the term, which possibly was a new addition to their weird vocabulary.

Maybe he actually meant paint," Madson said. "Could be he has a hot rod he's painting."

"It's worth looking into," Clarke agreed. "We have to get a lead somewhere."

The detectives were almost certain that the killer lived in the area where the attacks took place. They canvassed various car-painting businesses in that section, armed with the description of the suspect, but no one recognized it.

A few days later Goodrum called them. "I can't get anywhere with the term 'paint,'" he said. "Either the victim didn't hear it right or the fellow actually meant paint."

The mugger "paint" lead, too, had faded.

Sunday night, November 22, Francis J. Griffin, 84, and his wife, Alice, 75, left a church on Grove Street to walk to the bus stop two blocks away. Every Sunday evening, Griffin and his wife—who had been married for 54 years—visited a small restaurant near the church and then went to evening services.

Griffin had to walk slowly; a few months before, he had suffered a severe heart attack. "You go on ahead, Alice," the elderly man told his wife. "You can sit on the bench at the bus stop and wait for me."

Mrs. Griffin was tired. She walked on ahead toward the bus stop. Thus she did not see the mugger strike her husband.

But George Mitchell did. Mitchell was with his wife and two daughters in his car, parking for a visit to his brother's home. As he pulled up to the curb, he glanced across the street and saw a man spring from the shadows and strike an elderly passenger from behind.

"Look at that!" Mitchell cried out, jerking open the door of his car. He raced out into the street, shouting, "Get away from that man! Stop that!"

The assailant, who by then was on top of his victim, stopped his flailing fists. As Mitchell ran toward him, he jumped up and took to his heels, sprinting between the buildings.

By the time Mitchell reached the old man, the mugger already was lost in the darkness.

The victim lay motionless, groaning faintly, a pink froth bubbling from his lips.

Up ahead, Mrs. Griffin turned at Mitchell's shout and saw her husband lying on the ground. She hurried back and sank to the sidewalk, holding the injured man's head in her lap. "He is my husband," she told Mitchell tearfully. "He's hurt bad. Please get a doctor."

"You take care of him, lady," Mitchell

said. "I'll call an ambulance and the police."

Mitchell headed for his brother's house. At that moment, a cruising police car came down the street and Mitchell, seeing his arms raised, stopped it. In a hurried jumble of words, he told the officers what had taken place.

The officers rushed for an ambulance and requested all available cars and men to help with the search.

"Where did he go?" one of them asked Mitchell.

Pointing to the space between the buildings, Mitchell said, "Down there by the time I got here, I couldn't see him. He probably went on down the alley."

"What did he look like?"

"He ran like a young fellow. About all I could see was that he was wearing a gray jacket."

The officers asked Mitchell to stay with the injured man until the ambulance came and they took off in pursuit of the Phantom.

WHEN the ambulance arrived, Griffin was unconscious. His wife was near hysteria from the shock and the ambulance took both of them to the hospital.

A few minutes after he was admitted, Francis Griffin died—the second elderly man to succumb to the brutal mugger.

Madson and Clarke were called and rushed to the scene of the attack. A dozen cruiser cars and a score of patrolmen had been sent into the area from headquarters and were searching the alleys and buildings. Technicians had arrived and set up their equipment for analyzing any physical evidence which might be turned up.

Leaving the job crest at the scene, the detectives went to the hospital, where they learned that Griffin had died from a fractured skull. The elderly, feeble man had been knocked down with such force that he had been unable to break the fall and had struck his head on the sidewalk.

"The old man scarcely had strength enough to walk," a doctor told the officers. "That first blow must have knocked him unconscious, yet the assailant beat him unmercifully afterward."

It's a sickening thing even to think about."

Mrs. Griffin was kept in the hospital. Although she had experienced a severe shock, the elderly woman calmly insisted upon talking to the detectives. She told them about waiting on ahead of her husband because he was forced to go so slow. She had been unaware that anything had happened until she heard Mitchell's shout from across the street. The killer had not taken any of the 129 Griffin had in his pockets.

"Why didn't he just ask for the money?" Mrs. Griffin said tearfully.

"Francis would have given it to him. Why did he have to kill my husband?"

The detectives had no answer. But as they left the hospital, they made a solemn pledge: the killer would be caught. He would.

"In all the time I've been on the force I never wanted to get anyone so badly," Madson said. "Can you figure a fellow rotten enough to deliberately beat that old man to death?"

Clarke shook his head. "It gives me a sick feeling in my stomach just to think of it."

The lab crew had been unable to find any evidence at the scene. A score of suspects picked up in the area were questioned and then released when they were able to establish where they had been at the time of the attack.

The following morning Chief Toothman called in a lot of the inspectors who had been working on the case. "What do you have?" he demanded. "This makes two killings in about a dozen beatings in an area filled with cops."

(Continued on page 32)



## A GAMBLER'S PAY-OFF

A series of rifle shots, a woman's scream and Big Bill slumped to the ground, dead

The odds were all with the killer of the Carson City, Nevada, casino boss

Story on next page



Big Bill's Senator Cafe and the Silver Spur were only a block apart—a block which marked the difference between life and death.

## A Gambler's Pay-Off By Franklin Sharpe

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

**A**LIGHT snow was falling in Carson City, Nevada, early Christmas morning, and the neon lights of the gambling casinos, cocktail bars and cafes cast a garish glow on the deserted streets.

Christmas Eve is always a slow night for the gambling houses and bars. Most of the customers had left early, to go home and decorate a tree or wrap presents. But in the tradition of never closing the door, the casinos remained open.

At 3:36 a. m. the stillness of the night was shattered by a blast of gunfire that sounded like the explosion of a string of giant firecrackers.

It was followed by the shrill scream of a woman.

When employees of the Silver Spur rushed out to the street, the screaming woman was getting out of a car parked at the curb. The employees recognized her as Pearl Naylor, a chance girl from another night spot, the Senator Club, a block away.

Only moments before, Pearl had left the Silver Spur with Big Bill Duffin, owner of the Senator.

"What happened?" an employee asked.

Pearl pointed to the far side of the car.

Big Bill was sitting in the street, dead. Blood already was splashing the powdering of snow beneath his body.

A call went in to Chief Deputy City Marshal Robert Humphrey. He quickly reached the scene, followed by Pete Supers, who is both coroner and sheriff of Ormsby County.

Pearl told Humphrey that she hadn't seen anyone; she had no idea where the shots came from that had chopped down Duffin.

"Did you see a car?" Humphrey pressed.

The chance girl shook her head. She wasn't sure, but she hadn't noticed any car passing at the time the shots were fired or immediately afterward.

The employees of the Silver Spur were positive that they had seen to one when they reached the street, nor had they heard a car leaving the scene.

A number of employees and a few patrons of neighboring clubs told the same story: by the time they reached the scene, the street was deserted except for the screaming Pearl and the body of Big Bill. All the witnesses thought they'd heard five or six shots.

An examination of the body showed that a number of shots in a tight pattern had struck Duffin in the back, killing him instantly.

Duffin was well known in Carson City. His Senator Club, across the street from the State Capitol, was a favorite gathering place for gamblers and politicians.

"Stick-up?" Hoffman asked as soon as he arrived.

"Don't look that way," Humphrey told him. "Looks like somebody just ambushed Big Bill."

Apparently the slugs had hit Duffin just as he was opening the car door on the driver's side. The bullets had entered from the back, indicating that the killer had been on the other side of the street, somewhere near the corner.

"It would take a rifle to hold a close pattern of shots like that," Humphrey reasoned, then added: "And someone who knows how to use a gun."

The light snow was covering all tracks, and the investigators could not find any sign of the spot where the killer might have stood.

"The gunman must have been in a car," Hoffman said flatly.

"Why?"

"Only an automobile could shoot fast enough to put five or six slugs in a man before he fell. Six or six ejected shells are on the ground; they must have ejected into the killer's car."

Picking up tire tracks was impossible; the snow already had covered tracks of the police cars.

**T**HE killer had made his escape without being seen. It was up to the officers to find some means of identifying him through evidence or motive.

Coroner Supers took charge of the body, while Humphrey and Hoffman went into the Silver Spur to question Pearl Naylor and the employees.

Pearl told them that business had been quiet during the evening in the Senator Club. At the two o'clock change of shift Big Bill had invited her, Mrs. Jessie Locke and several patrons to join him in a snack at the Silver Spur.

Although the Silver Spur was only a block away from the Senator Club, Duffin had taken his car because it was snowing and had parked it directly in front of the cafe.

Duffin's guests each had a sandwich. Big Bill was hungry and ordered a second sandwich. The others left, and only Pearl stayed on with him.

"Bill was in good spirits and didn't want anyone to leave," Pearl told them. "But they all said they had to go home. I stayed because he was going to drive me home. He offered to drive Jessie home, too, but she said she had to leave so she could wrap some Christmas packages for her grandchildren. He called a cab for her."

Employees of the Silver Spur said

that the portly Duffin had been especially jovial and had wished all of them a Merry Christmas just before leaving.

"Does he often take you home?" Hoffman asked the chance girl.

"Sometimes. It depends on when he leaves the club. If he's leaving at the time any of the employees are, he always insists upon taking them home. He was a wonderful boss."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Where is your husband?"

"At home, I guess. He's going to be wondering where I am unless I call him."

"We'll notify him," Humphrey said. "I think you'd better come to headquarters with us."

"But why?" Mrs. Naylor protested.

"For one very good reason," Humphrey explained. "You didn't see the killer, but he probably saw you. He doesn't know you didn't see him, and at the moment you're the only witness."

"You mean he might try to kill me?"

"That's exactly what I mean. We don't want to take any chances, and the only safe place for you will be in our custody. You aren't being arrested, we're asking you to do this voluntarily."

With Mrs. Naylor sadly deposited at headquarters, Humphrey and Hoffman left to question her husband.

On the way they stopped by the home of Duffin. His widow, Gladys, already had learned of her husband's death from friends. Although she was in a state of shock and under a physician's care, she talked briefly to the officers. However, she was unable to suggest any reason for the slaying. She said that Big Bill had not seemed worried and, as far as she knew, no one had threatened him.



Left, Officer Steanis shows where police found the rifle, examined at center by Deputy Marshal Humphrey and Sergeant Newton; at right, Marshal Hoffman with the man who turned the deck but not the other cheat.

## A rifle cracked, a man died—yet his companion saw nothing

Nayor answered the knocking at his door in his pajamas. He told the officers he had been in bed and asleep since shortly after midnight. He had not heard about the gunning down of Big Bill Duffin, his wife's employer, and was stunned at the news.

"I sure can't figure anybody doing a thing like that to him," Nayor said. "Pearl thought he was wonderful. So did all the other people who worked for him. He was a swell guy."

Humphrey said, "We'd like you to come down to the office with us. Your wife is there. We'll probably be holding her for awhile."

"Why? She couldn't have had anything to do with it."

Humphrey explained about Mrs. Nayor's being the only witness and that she might be in great danger as long as Duffin's killer was on the loose.

**MEANWHILE** District Attorney Tom Ross had been notified of the slaying at his home and had hurried to assist with the questioning of witnesses. A police car was sent out to drive Mrs. Jennie Locke to the station so that she could make a statement.

Nayor was questioned closely on the possibility that he was jealous because Duffin frequently drove his wife home. "That's ridiculous!" Nayor interjected. "I knew Bill Duffin and he was a real nice guy. He treated all of his employees good. Sometimes he dropped Pearl by the house when she got through work. But if you think I was jealous, you are all wrong."

"Will you take a lie-detector test?" Humphrey asked. "Sure. I'll take any kind of a test you want if it will convince you I don't know anything about this."

"Will you place yourself in voluntary protective custody until we can get the test made tomorrow in Reno?"

Nayor shrugged. "If you are going to keep Pearl here, I guess I might as well stay too. It's going to be quite a Christmas, with both of us in jail."

Mrs. Nayor reassured the officers and Ross that she had no romantic interest in the slain casino owner. As an employer he had treated her well, and the offer of a ride home had been made only to save her from taking a cab or walking in the snow.

Mrs. Locke, the cashier, told the officers almost an identical story. Duffin had asked her to wait until he had his second sandwich and said he would take her home also.

"When I told him I had presents to wrap, he called a cab and paid the driver," Mrs. Locke said. "That's the way he treated all of his employees. There never was a better boss."

With the first hurried phases of the investigation completed, the investigators drove into the slain man's background in an effort to find a motive.

More than a year before, Duffin's establishment had been involved with the police when cheating charges had been lodged against one of its dealers. The officers dug out the files on the case, which reminded them that Duffin and his partner, Mrs. Stella Vincent, had purchased the Senator Club in the capital city in 1954. Both were well known because they previously had operated the very weak Wild Horse hunting lodge in Elko.

In 1954 a charge had been placed by the state gambling commission that one of the dealers in the Senator had been cheating patrons by "turning the deck" while dealing blackjack.

The dealer, Nick Goodman, denied the charge.

The pit boss for the club, Thomas Scarlett, had explained at a hearing that if Goodman had been cheating it had been without the knowledge of the management.

**BECAUSE** the Senator Club was so well known and Duffin a figure on familiar terms with most of the legislators, the trial by the commission had been a newspaper sensation. Among the witnesses called to testify was the very famous card expert, Michael MacDougal, from New York City.

On the testimony received, the commission decided that Goodman had been guilty of cheating. His work permit as a dealer had been revoked and the gambling license for the Senator Club had been taken away.

As owners of the club property, Duffin and Mrs. Vincent continued to operate the bar. They leased out the gambling concession to others with a valid gambling license.

"Duffin and Mrs. Vincent were the persons who were the most seriously damaged in the deal," Ross pointed out. "Unless someone was holding a grudge because he figured he had been cheated, I can't see any motive there."

"Maybe Mrs. Vincent will know."

Mrs. Vincent was located in San Francisco, where she had gone on a holiday trip. When Humphrey reached her by telephone, she found it difficult to believe that Duffin had been killed. "Bill didn't have an enemy in the world," she declared. "He was the surest, surest man alive."

Asked whether any demands had been made for payment of gambling losses following the cheating conviction,

she said: "Not that I know of. Bill never mentioned one. And if there had been, I'm sure he would have taken care of it."

"Are you positive he wasn't in any kind of trouble?"

"Just as positive as I can be."

Mrs. Vincent said she and her husband would take the first available plane to Carson City.

Nicholas Goodman, the dealer who was charged with cheating, was questioned next. He told the investigators he already had heard that Duffin had been killed.

"And I ain't going to claim I'm sorry," Goodman said unemotionally. "I got a raw deal from him but I didn't knock him off."

"How do you figure you got a raw deal?" Humphrey asked. "You were convicted of cheating, and Duffin lost his gaming license."

"Because I wasn't guilty."

"That isn't what the board found." "That's because Duffin and Scarlett thought they could throw me to the wolves and save their own skins."

Goodman claimed that he had not been guilty of cheating and had wanted Duffin and Scarlett to back him up. Instead, they had insisted that if Goodman had been cheating, it was without their knowledge.

"They figured the board would slap me down and leave them their license, only it didn't work out that way."

"All you lost was your work permit as a dealer," Humphrey said. "Duffin lost his club license."

"That didn't mean much. He just got somebody else to run the place for him. I haven't been able to get a job in eighteen months."

(Continued on page 58)



Slowly, almost deliberately, a car with a man at the wheel bumped into another car at this corner and then went up on the curb and sidewalk.

# MASQUERADE

One date wasn't enough for Billy Mahaffey that night in Houston, Texas—so he headed for the honky-tonks and dark alleys. Who killed him there? Why?

IT WAS 11:30 p. m. on Saturday night, October 17, 1980, when the Houston, Texas, homicide squad received a call that a DOA had been received at the Jefferson Davis charity hospital.

The call was routine, for at least a half dozen such reports come to the attention of the homicide division each night. Every time a person arrives at a hospital "DOA"—dead on arrival—homicide must be notified so it can determine if a crime has been committed. In most cases the investigation that follows involves little more than ascertaining the identities of the victim and notifying the next of kin.

But not always.

The assignment to investigate the 11:30 p. m. call was handed to Detectives John Thornton and J. W. Kandrud, two veterans of the division.

They proceeded to the hospital and introduced themselves to the night intern on duty in the emergency room. He was a young man, crew cut, dark glasses, obviously just out of medical school.

"You've come to see about the DOA in emergency four, right?" he asked, leading them down the hall. He passed in front of a door marked "Four" and shook his head. "Strange case here," he said as he admitted them to the room.

The intern explained he had been able to learn very little about the body on the table. It was, he said, that of a young man in his early 30's. He had been delivered to the hospital by an ambulance at 11:28 as a victim of an automobile accident.

"There was quite a bit of blood on his clothing," the intern said, "and we thought he had sustained an injury in the accident. But when we removed his clothing we discovered that his death was caused by something else than an accident."

Thornton fished a cigarette from his pocket. "What did you find?"

"He had been stabbed," the intern said quietly. "In the heart."

Thornton and Kandrud stepped over to the table and lifted the sheet. This was, they saw, indeed the body of a young man with features that would, under normal conditions, be described as clean cut. Now they were distorted with the set lines of death. He was of medium build, blond hair, muscular arms and hands that were calloused as if they were accustomed to work. The only visible wounds were two scratch marks on his neck and a small incision on the left side of his chest.

The incision, the intern said, had caused his death.

"I'd say it was inflicted with an instrument equipped with a small, but long, blade, and," he said, "very sharp. Whoever did it knew just where to put the blade, because it isn't easy to penetrate the chest wall and get at the heart."

Thornton studied the wound critically. "How long could a man live after receiving a wound like that?"

The intern considered this briefly. "Not more than twenty minutes at the most."

"What about the scratch marks on his neck?" asked Kandrud.

"Very recent," the intern said. "Probably inflicted about the same time as the stab wound."

A search of the victim's clothing turned up no clues to his identity. His trousers contained no wallet and his clothing was bare of laundry markings. After arranging with the intern to take blood samples from the body for alcoholic-content tests, the detectives stepped out into the hall to question the ambulance attendants who had brought the victim in.

They said they had picked the victim up near a car he apparently had been driving when it was involved in a minor automobile accident on Texas Avenue. At the time, he was bleeding profusely from the wound in his chest and unable to speak. He had died en route to the hospital without being able to respond to questions.

THE TWO DETECTIVES LEFT THE HOSPITAL and drove to the scene of the accident. They found it on the city's third ward, a section populated with run-down warehouses, shabby honky-tonks and five-dollar-a-week rooming houses. The street at that point was wide and at that hour of the night has very little traffic, and, as a result, little excuse for a traffic accident.

The victim's car, a 1963 green and white Ford sedan, had been pushed off the street and into a driveway. Except for a small dent in the left front fender, it showed no evidence of any accident. However, an inquiry in the small bar on the corner produced more than a half dozen persons who had witnessed it.

One woman said she had been sitting in her car parked at the curb in front of the bar when she saw the Ford approaching from the east.

"It seemed to be weaving back and forth," she said in response to questions from Thornton and Kandrud. "At first I thought the driver was drunk. But then the car veered across the street and bumped my fender and it went up over the curb and half way across the sidewalk before it stopped."

"Then what happened?" prodded Thornton.

"Well, the driver just slumped over the steering wheel. I watched him for three or four minutes before I got out. I thought he was drunk and had probably passed out. The accident certainly wasn't bad enough for him to have been hurt—he wasn't traveling more than five miles per hour when he hit me."

"Finally I got out of the car and somebody who was standing in the crowd went over and asked him if he was hurt. He just mumbled and a couple of men helped him out of the car and tried to steady him up. He went limp. We called for an ambulance, we didn't dream he was dying."

Other witnesses to the accident confirmed the woman's story. None of them knew the driver nor had they seen anyone in the car with him.

The detectives found the car's interior remarkably clean. Except for a small bloodstain on the driver's side of the front seat, it had nothing in it to suggest that a struggle had taken place there. But on the floorboard just below the steering wheel, the detectives found





Elly mat the wolf in cheap's clothing near this intersection and went from there to the lonely warehouse at the right—and death

## By Martin Van Dyke Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Where? Hardly in the car because of the lack of blood. The detectives had to surmise that it had been outside the car and somewhere in the general vicinity of the minor accident.

There were other questions. Why was Mahaffey's billfold lying on the floorboard of his car instead of in his pocket? Why was the new razor in the trunk of the car—was Mahaffey expecting trouble?

At eight the next morning, the detectives were back on the investigation. Lewis still had not returned to his room, and for the first time the fear that he, too, might have met the same fate as Mahaffey began to suggest itself. A radio pickup order for him was broadcast, but with the sketchy description available, the detectives had little hope that it would do any good.

Meanwhile, Thornton and Kindred had one more lead—Mahaffey's employer.

Maurice Hart, owner of the radiator shop where Mahaffey had been employed, said he could think of no reason why anyone would want to kill him.

He said Mahaffey was an easy-going young man who did not make enemies and who would go out of his way to avoid a situation which might result in a quarrel.

an important article—a man's billfold. The billfold contained \$1.35 and the driver's license of a man named Billy C. Mahaffey. It listed Mahaffey's age as 23 and gave an address on Chenevert Street.

The physical description of Mahaffey on the license fitted the general description of the victim in the charity hospital morgue. But the detectives couldn't be sure of the identification until they either compared the fingerprint on the license with that of the dead man's right thumb or found a person who could make a positive identification.

In the trunk of the automobile, the detectives came across other articles which they examined carefully in an effort to learn if they might be related to the victim's death.

Two of these were automobile tires and wheels. Both were comparatively free of dust, a circumstance which contrasted sharply with the dusty interior of the trunk.

The others included a small assortment of general tools, four .45-caliber bullets which were rusty and corroded with age and a new straight-bladed razor.

After completing their search, the car was impounded for a more detailed examination later. Thornton and Kindred proceeded to the address listed in the billfold they had found in the car.

The address proved to be that of an aging two-story frame rooming house. The landlady said that she knew Mahaffey very well and that he owned a car answering the description of the one involved in the accident. She agreed to accompany officers to the hospital morgue. A glance at the young man's body was sufficient for her.

"It's him," she said quickly. "The poor thing! He was too young to die!"

En route home from the hospital the landlady revealed that Mahaffey had moved into the rooming house about six months before. He had a close friend, Robert Lewis, who lived nearby.

Mahaffey was employed at a radiator shop not far away. He was not married and was considered by the roomers to be a quiet, hard-working young man who did not get into trouble.

Further inquiries among the roomers disclosed that Mahaffey had been seen leaving the rooming house with his friend, Lewis, about 5:30 p. m. Both had seemed to be in a cheerful mood. Lewis, however, had shown up at his own room shortly before eleven p. m. and left again after a few minutes. It was now two a. m. and he still had not returned.

Where was he? Was his disappearance related to the fate of his friend?

Detectives Thornton and Kindred tried to reconstruct the time-table of death Mahaffey had arrived at the hospital at 11:30. Five minutes before, he had been found dying in his car on Texas Avenue. A medical opinion indicated that he could not have lived more than 30 minutes after he had been stabbed. So he had been wounded at 11:10, or 11:05 at the earliest.



Here the knife penetrated. Men are Detectives Kindred, Thornton

Mahaffey, he said, had lived only out regularly with a girl who lived only out blocks from the radiator shop. He had indicated recently that he was seriously injured in the street.

Following the tip, the detectives found the young woman to be a pretty, sixteen-year-old girl who lived in a room in a modest frame house. She burst into tears when she was informed of Mahaffey's death. Detectives waited until she could calm down before preparing her for further information. After being conducted by her mother she was able to explain that she had been going with Mahaffey for several months and, although they had not disrupted marriage, she considered themselves going steady.

She had seen Mahaffey back at 10-30 Saturday night, but came to the house shortly after six alone and, after dining with her and her parents, the young couple had come for a drive.

"He was shopping around for tires," she said. "We stopped at several stations to price both new ones and used ones."

"Did he buy any?" Thornton asked. "No," the girl said. "He only had a date and a few cents with him; he was just pricing them."

"What time did you get back from the tire shopping trip?"

"About nine o'clock. We sat around watching television until half-past ten and then he left."

"Did you know where he was going?"

"I thought he was going home. He planned to get up early Sunday and go to school. He had been beating me for a year the other day so he could skin me."

"Is there anything else you can tell us about last night about Mahaffey?"

She was silent for a few moments. "About thirty minutes before he came, three numbers of his speedometer were seven even eight. We talked about that when we got back. He said he'd have three cars serviced when the last three numbers reached four hundred."

**B**ACK at headquarters, the detectives went to work at once on the speedometer reading. They had noticed that the distance from the girl's house to the scene of the accident where Mahaffey was found dying was 24 blocks—two and a half miles from the police station. The speedometer had been at 74 when he was found, and the car was in the impounding lot, read 384. That left one mile unaccounted for.

They could account for that mile, they reasoned, they might learn when Mahaffey had met after he left the girl's home.

"We know the car was traveling west at the time of the accident," suggested Kindred. "Why not start at the accident and work our way east? Somebody must have seen that car or seen something within a half block of where Mahaffey was dying. We've got to find them."

Thornton agreed. They requested additional officers to assist them in the block-by-block canvass of the area.

Meanwhile another team of detectives was maintaining a vigil on Lewis' rooming house, hoping that he would return. At five p. m. Sunday he was still missing.

The block-by-block canvass of the third ward's warehouse district continued until dawn, but no one was seen and was called off. Monday morning it was resumed in the daylight hours. At seven a. m. the search was rewarded by the discovery of a black Buick sedan driven beside a warehouse seven blocks east of the point where the accident had happened.

Thornton and Kindred, who rushed to the scene, found a large red stain on the gravel, about 40 feet from the

street. From the stain a trail of small red droplets led down into a reddish brown powder, led to the street, ending at the curb.

"Well," said Thornton, "we've found where Mahaffey was stabbed. Now we're not in find out who did it."

Monday afternoon Detectives Thornton and Kindred rushed back to Mahaffey's neighborhood after receiving news from the surveillance team that Lewis had returned to his room.

A tall, slender youth, he insisted he had been visiting with relatives in Houston for the week end and had no knowledge of his friend's death. He said Mahaffey had driven him to the Houston bus station Saturday. There he purchased a ticket but discovered his bus did not leave until midnight. He attended a movie and accidentally snuffed a fruit drink on his shirt at the movie concern. That's why, he said, he returned to his room at eleven p. m.—to change shirts. He said he rode to the rooming house in a cab and returned to the bus station in the same cab, he said.

Lewis' story was easily verified. He was released without charge.

## The order went out—pick up every streetwalker in the neighborhood and find out if any of them had seen Billy Mahaffey. That was before the detectives really knew what kind of creature was walking Houston streets

Although the scene of the stabbing and the accident involving Mahaffey's car were within a 20-block distance of his girl-friend's home, Mahaffey's rooming house was in the opposite direction. If he had driven to his room, he would have driven west. Instead, he had gone east, into the warehouse district and the section of drab honky-tonks.

Neither Thornton nor Kindred was prepared to answer that question. They were, however, prepared to follow up on the one remaining lead they had left—the articles in the trunk of his car.

They began with the Lewis. Why, they asked themselves, did Mahaffey go shopping for tires when he had two good spares in the trunk of his automobile?

A quick canvass of all-night gas stations in the area of the fatal stabbing disclosed that Mahaffey did not purchase the tires at those stations, either after 10:30 p. m., when he left the girls' home, or before six p. m., when he left his rooming house.

Had they been stolen?

This speculation led to an examination of petty larceny records in the department's stolen goods division. The records, however, failed to disclose that any tire thieves were reported from the district on Saturday night, Sunday or Monday.

However, when the detectives returned to Mahaffey's rooming house to question the other roomers, the mystery of the tire was cleared up. One of the neighbors said that Mahaffey had temporarily having no place to keep them because his car was in a garage, had purchased a set of tires and put them in the trunk of his automobile.

Lewis was able to clear up the mystery of the 45-caliber bullets and the

noise in the trunk. Lewis said Mahaffey had owned the bullets for months and had kept them in the trunk of his car, planning to throw them away. He also said he had put the new noise in the trunk so it would be available when he went on the squirrel-hunting trip.

On Tuesday morning, October 20, a detective of the vice intelligence squad, continuing the canvass of the vicinity between the scene of the accident and Mahaffey's girl-friend's home, came across a woman named Peggy McCoub. She was a small, dark-haired woman with a long record for drunkenness and prostitution. Once, she had been arrested for being a night club girl in the Galveston, Texas, resort area. But time and circumstances had conspired to reduce her career.

Peggy readily admitted that she had been picked up by a young man in a white and green Ford sedan about 10:45 p. m. Saturday.

"It was at the corner of Polk and Downing Streets and quite a ways from the scene of the accident," she said. "Mahaffey was killed," she told the detective. "But he offered me a lift. I got in the car and

"No. He got mad. We had a little wrestling match. I scratched him a little and then broke loose and ran."

Peggy's story seemed weak. Yet she had described Mahaffey's car accurately and had given a reasonably accurate account of what she and Mahaffey had said.

Her story, however, had opened up an entirely new line of investigation in the case. For if Mahaffey had attempted a pickup error, he might have tried it again.

And if that theory were correct, detectives realized that Mahaffey probably had returned to the vicinity where he picked up Peggy a few minutes after three o'clock, to get her home.

A full-scale roundup of all known prostitutes and streetwalkers in that district was ordered at once. By Tuesday afternoon, more than 35 had been hauled into the Houston detective bureau for questioning.

One by one they were quizzed, their names investigated and re-investigated. It was not until Saturday night, October 21, that a woman was found who was walking the streets at eleven p. m. Saturday night. Several remembered seeing Mahaffey, but none, other than Peggy, said she had been in the car.

While the 35 were at headquarters being questioned, other detectives armed with search warrants, were searching their apartments and rooms in an effort to locate the death weapon.

A number of long-bladed knives was found, but chemical tests failed to disclose the presence of bloodstains.

At last all of the girls were cleared. From room to room the detectives had obtained a list of other streetwalkers they had seen plying their trade Saturday night.

One of them had not been brought in—none who actually was a man with a long record for robbery. This apartment was in a rooming house, and it was his hair long and wavy and pass himself off as a streetwalker. Unwary victims were usually robbed a few minutes after they took the bait.

This man was Ole Mills, 39. He was arrested last week. At first he denied any knowledge of the Mahaffey accident and insisted he was in his apartment from ten to eleven p. m. Saturday night, but he had been on the street at eleven p. m., he changed his story and said he had robbed a "mark" Saturday night at eleven p. m.

"It was an older man," he said. "He had a trunk of clothes. As soon as I got up his car I took a knife in his ribs and took his wallet."

Wednesday morning he dictated a full confession, police said, which went like this:

Mahaffey had mistaken him for a woman and invited him into his car. This was two or three minutes past three o'clock. He saw the car, he went into his room with a knife. Because several persons still were on the street, he ordered Mahaffey to drive to a secluded spot.

There he ordered Mahaffey to surrender his wallet. Mahaffey pulled it out, then dropped it on the floor. When Mills leaned forward to pick it up, Mahaffey struck him and jumped out of the car. Mills followed, sliding with the knife. Mahaffey attempted to flee. He managed to get about 40 feet down the street, then he turned back. Mills followed him.

Mills then, with one swift sweep with the knife, the deed was done.

Mills became frightened and fled, leaving his victim alone in the alley and the wallet in the car.

Detectives speculated that Mahaffey had been bleeding back to his automobile and made a desperate but futile attempt to outrun death.

Mills was taken back to his room on October 23, 1939. Ole Mills was formally arraigned on a first-degree murder charge in the death of Billy Mahaffey.

He entered a plea of innocent and was ordered held without bail for trial. Further legal action was pending at this writing.

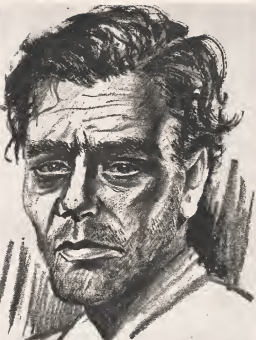
In this story the names Robert Lewis and Peggy McCoub are fictitious.

# "NO MAN'S SON IS SAFE"

Two had died and the threat of murder hung over all—with the Winnipeg monster at large

By W. W. Bride

Special Investigator for  
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES



The killer as described by four terrorized boys

THIN furies of snow swirled about the scattered street lights of Winnipeg's Fort Rouge area that bitter-cold days in December when the all-night search for thirteen-year-old Roy MacGregor came to an abrupt halt. What the frantic parents feared most had happened. Roy was dead. He lay huddled beneath the eerie glow of the single light in Bin Number Nine of Mason's Caskery on Clarke Street, his face and hands blood-smeared and stiff. Throughout the dark hours of the night, ever since Roy's father, Alekster MacGregor, had called in at eleven p. m. to report the boy missing, Chief George Smith and Chief of Detectives William McPherson had kept patrol cars, beat men and detectives busy tracing Roy's last known movements.

It was a Friday night during the school Christmas holidays and Roy and his buddy, Bobby Masers, had been allowed the rare treat of attending a night movie. When Roy didn't return, his parents called the Masers and learned that Bobby had arrived home at 10:30. He said that he had left Roy at the corner of Osborne and Gertrude Streets, just four blocks from his home.

And Roy nearly made it—the coal yard was almost across the street from the MacGregor house.

An employee of the fuel company found the body shortly before eight

o'clock the next morning, when he had come into the back of the bin to look for a shovel. He shouted to a fellow worker, then telephoned police.

Constable A. L. Mason was the first on the scene and noted with concern that the snow-covered yard already had been trampled over by the loaders and truck drivers who had started work at 7:30. Any useful footprints had been effectively obliterated. Quickly ordering everyone out of the yard and posting an employee at the gate to keep others out, Mason radioed the news to headquarters. In a few minutes patrol cars arrived, bringing Chief Smith, Deputy Chief Charles MacVier and Chief of Detectives MacPherson with his staff of trained officers. They soon were joined by the coroner, Doctor I. O. Fryer, and his assistants.

Stopping carefully, photographer L. B. Frode took several flash shots of the body and of the marks in the snow-drift immediately in front of the bin.

In spite of the sub-zero weather, beads of perspiration shined on Chief Smith's forehead as he watched the coroner make his examination. The boy had been shot twice; once behind the right ear, the bullet entering in the forehead, and once in the chest. It was obviously a sex crime.

The chief constable turned away and seized McPherson by the arm.

"A fiend is loose in this city and we have to find him before he kills again," McPherson studied the scene and pointed out. "It looks as if the body was dragged through that snowdrift at the entrance to the bin, but no bloodstains are in front of it."

Kidn the boy been killed elsewhere and then dragged to the coalbin? A careful search of the surrounding area brought a cry from Detective Robert Young. "Here are some bloodstains!" He was standing about 60 feet from the bin, near a boxcar on the railroad siding.

This part of the yard had not been trampled over by the workers. Two clear sets of prints marked the new snow, one of a man's large-sized shoes and the other of a boy's. Both sets came from the yard to the spur, but only the large prints returned. And in the dim light of the dawn, evenly spaced spots of blood showed up dark on the snow.

Detective Young poked up an empty shell casing some three feet from the wheel of the boxcar. "The snow under this has turned to ice. It must have been hot when I handed this," he said as he handed the casing to McPherson. This meant that Roy had been shot right there, beside the boxcar. The killer, then, must have carried his body to the bin and dragged it in.

"In that case, the killer would have blood on him," Smith said to McPherson as they walked back to the body.

The coroner had completed his task. "Can you give us any idea about the time of death, doctor?" asked the chief. "Rigor mortis is pretty well established. I would say the boy died about eight or ten hours ago—we can tell better after the autopsy," Doctor Fryer said.

McPherson watched the hearse attendants take the body away. He didn't relish the task of breaking the tragic news to the MacGregors and asking them to make a formal identification.

Turning to Sergeant Alf Prior, he said, "Canvass all the houses along Clarke Street and on both sides of Stradbrooke. Ask if anyone heard shots last night or saw anything suspicious."

He took a deep breath and said to Sergeant Jack Breven, "Come over to the MacGregor house with me. We'll have to tell the parents and then we'll retrace the boy's route home."

Leaving the roadway under guard until a more thorough search for clues could be made later in the morning, Chief Constable Smith and his deputy raced back to headquarters. All leaves were canceled and the full staff of the metropolitan force was concentrated on leafing through the files of known and suspected sex criminals.

As gently as possible, Chief of Detectives McPherson told the stunned parents that Roy's body had been found from a car accident on the highway. The boy had been killed by a truck. The boy's uncle agreed to visit the body in the pastor, opening the parents that heritable ordeal.

Then McPherson and Reeves went to the home where Roy lived. They found the father, a man named "W. L. Smith," who lived in the house. "W. L. Smith," the wide-eyed boy told them, "I was stopped for ice cream and then walked across the Oldbourne Stradford Street. That's where we separated because Roy had to go left and I had to turn right to go home."

"Did you see anyone on the way?" "Paul Shoon and Paul Winda were on the corner across the street."

"Anyone else?"

The boy shook his head.

The officers obtained the addresses of Roy's Shoon and Winda, who confirmed Bobby's story and added a tragic note of their own. Roy had crossed the street and asked them to walk home with him.

"We were so tired from playing hockey that we didn't want to," Winda said, "so we offered to lend him the bus fare but he said it wasn't far enough to go home. The young man said, 'If only we'd go with him or he'd stay with us.'"

"How long were you on the corner?" "I don't see anyone before you saw Roy and Bobby or did you see anyone following Roy?"

"We were waiting for the bus for about five minutes. I guess, when Roy and Bobby came along, but we didn't see anyone else at all."

**DISHEARTENED**, the officers returned to the coal yard. In their absence one of the place-cloth men had picked up a pair of brown cotton gloves with blue cuffs. They were too large to have been Roy's. The gloves, and none of the coal yard employees claimed them as his. Would their empty hands be the clue to the murder?

The gloves were carefully tagged and dispatched to headquarters.

Sergeant Price and Detective Winton, talking to the neighbors, learned that several persons had heard shots during the night. And the wife of the manager of the coal yard had more interesting story to tell. She and her husband lived near the corner of Stradford and the corner from the Stradford.

"I was in bed when I heard what sounded like a shot, then I heard someone shouting that you had been shot. I was slammed and the dog made an awful row. I got up and looked out and I couldn't see a thing. That morning, after my husband told me about the shooting, I went out and looked in the night. Right behind our carriage on the corner near the Stradford, at the front of the house, I found this."

She handed an empty shell casing to Sergeant Price, who marked it and sent it to headquarters.

Preliminary examination of the two shell cases by the Winnipeg forensic expert showed them to have been fired from a Browning nine-millimeter automatic—a European weapon not commonly found in the United States or Canada.

"This is our best break yet," Chief Smith proclaimed. "The gun proved to be brought back to Canada by some ex-serviceman or was stolen from one of the army camps in Canada. He assigned a detachment of three officers to call at the Army depots in the area and question gun dealers concerning foreign automatics. Other teams were given the tedious job of ransacking laundries and dry-cleaning plants for signs of bloodstains and fingerprints."

News of the brutal slaying hit the stands by mid-morning, and the radio began carrying reports of the slaying. Reports. And the stunned people of Winnipeg—a city that had had the reputation of being a peaceful city and law abiding—felt the first chill of the joy horror which was to grow

Chief Smith issued an appeal to all parents to come forward with any information about suspicious persons and incidents that had not been reported to the police.

"This deviate must have accented others on the street," he told the citizens. "Someone in the city must have seen this man and perhaps been approached or even attacked by him. This no time to lose. If you know of a boy has been murdered. Your own boy may be next."

"That was a distraught father arrived at headquarters with his thirteen-year-old son."

"It's about the murder," he announced in a trembling voice. "Just a minute," the desk officer told him. "It's better talk to Detective McPherson."

Seated in McPherson's office a few minutes later, the troubled father related that as the family listened to the radio after dinner and heard Chief Smith's appeal, his son had started them with the announcement, "I'll be a law that man!"

"Then he told us about a terrible accident," the father said, "and then he said, 'That was the first we knew anything about it. We have heard it before.'"

"What happened, son?" McPherson asked gently.

The boy said that he was going to his

patched to all law-enforcement centers, both the provincial authorities and the detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police from Vancouver on the Pacific Coast to Halifax on the Atlantic. These described the suspect and emphasized the fact that a Browning nine-millimeter gun had been used in the shooting. School children were asked to report any suspicious persons who were making them to beware of strangers.

In the meantime the report of the suspect had been received at headquarters, indicating that Roy had been shot in the chest while facing his assailant. No wonder, but the wound, around the wound, and the bullet had passed right through the body. In the opinion of Dr. J. C. Francis, a surgeon at the Misericordia Hospital, this shot had been fired first, and it had not killed the boy. The second shot, in the head, would have been instantly fatal.

Winnipeg, a rail and transportation center, also is a military center. Four barracks and three large training camps are in the immediate vicinity. With the description of the Army-type rifle used in the murder, Chief Smith turned to these for aid. At Fort Osborne, Detective Price talked with a sergeant, S. M. Gibson, who listened intently to the detective's description of the suspect.

of Cheshire, a civilian, was that he had left for Chicago.

Taken to police headquarters, Anthony was asked a series of questions and the boys who had been stopped by the killer were asked if they could pick out their assailant. None was able to identify Anthony.

He was allowed to return to Port O'Brien, where he was staying, and a report to the authorities if he were transferred elsewhere.

Working against time, trying to pick up the trail behind the slaying, Smith kept the force busy during the following weeks sorting through the thousands of cases of missing persons, incidents that continued to pour in.

But eight months after the MacGregor slaying, the police had no success in ascertaining fact that all this effort had been in vain.

Right from the beginning on September 19, William Smith reported that his thirteen-year-old son, George, had not returned from a Boy Scout meeting which had broken up about 9:30.

"Your name, address and a description of the boy," the desk sergeant reported to the police, "is being put on alarm in the detective's room. This was a system that Chief Smith had set up to help in the case of missing persons action at a moment's notice."

The sergeant, still talking, handed a slip of paper with the address on it to Detective Winton, who took the paper. They immediately raced to the Smith residence on Home Street.

Right from the start it was frighteningly similar to the MacGregor case.

Young George Smith had left the church had with two other youths after the meeting. The police talked to them immediately.

The boys' story simply was that they had been at the corner of Home and Bowyer Streets. George had two rooms to go alone.

All through the night, police were clocked by the boy's relatives and neighbors in a search of the alleys and empty streets.

Morning came and he had not been found. Then a neighbor of the Smiths, who had been looking for him, decided to go home for a cup of coffee before starting out again. As he walked down his back lane, he continued to peer into passages behind garages, corners. He was about directly behind his own house when he found the boy. Dead.

The boy was lying on his back, the mummy, the jacket pulled up over the shoulders, exposing a supine face. The boy's face was pale, his hair had fallen to form a pool in the soft snow.

Constables Alex Jamieson and Fred Gibson were the first of the prowling officers to arrive. They roped off the lane and made a preliminary search of the area. The boy's body was under construction just opposite the body.

Linked with a duplication of the MacGregor murder, Smith and McPherson soon were convinced that both crimes had been committed by the same person.

"Told out where Earl Anthony was last night," Chief Smith ordered. Then he assigned Detectives J. S. Macdonald and J. A. Gibson to search the neighborhood for witnesses.

They talked to three residents of the area, who had been out after ten o'clock the previous night.

Back at the scene, the detectives were told that a detail of the police George Smith had been dragged to its position in the ditch. Marks in the mud led to the yard of one of the houses under construction.

Manning walked over to the yard. Behind a pile of earth he picked up a small metal object, which he later identified as belonging to George Smith.

"I saw a boy go into this yard, shot him and dragged him to the lane," said Manning in reconstruction.

Macdonald soon found an object on the ground.

If this isn't from a nine-millimeter

Four boys had seen the killer  
and lived. How many other young  
lives could their experience save?

Browning, 'I'll eat it!' He held a shell casing in the palm of his hand.

Doctor Fryer, the coroner, examined the body and discovered that a single shot had entered the victim's back and plowed through to blast an exit in his chest. Informed of this, Chief Smith ordered a search for the slugs.

"Somewhere in that earth is a vital bit of evidence. We need that slug," he told his men.

The workmen on the construction job were kept away and a mine detector from Camp Shiloh was rushed to the spot. Detective Mulholland and Sergeant Robert Taft took turns sweeping the area. Others carefully sifted the earth. Finally their hands of toil were rewarded: the slug was located, buried in ten inches of soil.

From Fort Cazorle they learned that Earl Aschurst had been in his barracks all night. His commanding officer and several of his fellow soldiers were positive he had not left the post at any time.

With Anthony ruled out of this second killing, Smith and McPherson felt completely baffled. The Browning automatic still was the best lead they had, but the teams of detectives had completed their canvass of gun dealers and Army personnel without locating any gun that type other than the one Anthony claimed he had recovered from his vanished friend, Joe Cushing.

The soldier provided a description of Cushing, and the search spread to Chicago, but he couldn't be found. More weeks passed, and the twin murders were as far from solved as ever.

The pressure of other duties and the routine tasks of keeping law and order had resulted in a waning interest in the case. Chief Smith, however, could not forget the sight of those two blood-smeared young bodies. And the plugging thought that at any minute the slugs or bullet might bring another fall victim to the monster, drove him to follow up every new arrest or report of a usual crime miles around for a possible tie-in with the MacGregor and Smith cases.

The late in January, 1947, more than a year after the death of Roy MacGregor, a stocky young man walked into headquarters and announced, "My Anthony says you're looking for me."

"Who are you?" the desk sergeant demanded.

"Joe Cushing."

The officer sent for Detective McPherson, who took over questioning. Cushing readily admitted the possession of a Browning nine-millimeter and as quickly provided a name. McPherson could only confirm the fact that he had been in Chicago at the time of both slayings.

HAVING an officer at headquarters to verify his story through Chicago authorities, McPherson accompanied Cushing to the Winnepeg home of friends where he said he was staying at the time he had left his gun collection while he was in Chicago. In a locked closet, as war souvenirs, he had a dozen guns and various machines.

Talking out the Browning which he said was the one he had once loaned Earl Aschurst, Cushing remarked, "I don't have two Brownings, but some buzzard took one."

"Who?" the detective chief demanded.

"It wasn't as simple as that. Cushing didn't know. He didn't suspect anyone in particular."

"How knew you had these guns? Who was here and saw them before the machine disappeared?" McPherson pressed.

Cushing rubbed his jaw, trying to remember. "Three of my buddies were here one night about a week before I missed it, but I don't think—"

"Who were they?"

"Bill Homer, Mike Vesco and Vince O'Dell."

McPherson took down a detailed description of the men, together with their last known addresses. All three were dark-haired and had seen Army service.

Back at headquarters, McPherson learned that Cushing's alibi had been substantiated: he had been in Chicago and could not have been involved in the slaying. His Browning, however, together with the slug that killed George Smith, were sent to the RCMP ballistics experts in Regina for comparison tests.

McPherson meanwhile was looking up Cushing's three buddies.

Vesco's address was the nearest, and the detective went there first. And that was his first disappointment. Vesco had moved and left no forwarding address.

Similar stories greeted McPherson at the addresses Cushing had given for Homer and O'Dell. The detective returned to headquarters and turned the three names over to the missing persons department.

Homer and O'Dell were located first. Both denied taking a Browning from Cushing and, except for dark hair, neither fitted the description of the murderer.

Army records showed that Vesco had a brother living in Port Arthur and word was flashed there that he was wanted for questioning by Winnipeg police.

MEANWHILE, a report came from

Regina: the Browning turned over to police by Joe Cushing had not fired the fatal shot.

But before Chief George Taylor of the Port Arthur police phoned to report, "Your man, Mike Vesco, was here, but his brother says he doesn't know where he went. His guess is Port William."

The Port William police were contacted, and the three chiefs decided that the Port Arthur and Port William officers would watch all routes in and out of their cities.

But it was June 26, 1947, before Vesco was spotted in the Port William railway station by Constables Owen Hartley and Herman Scharratt.

When told he was wanted for questioning in the Vesco matter, "What, I get my stuff first?" Vesco asked.

The officers agreed and followed the dark-haired man into the smoking room and switched as he opened a locker and took out a suitcase.

"Open it up," snapped Constable Hartley.

"Some of the stuff in here isn't mine," Vesco mumbled as he fished for the key to the clothing chest.

Behind the clothing, the officers found a Browning nine-millimeter automatic.

"That's what I was talking about. This is mine. I'll keep my gun quiet."

The Browning was rushed by plane to Regina for comparison with the death slug.

The report soon came back from Regina—the Browning in Vesco's bag was the death weapon. McPherson, Detective Sergeant George Hare and Det. Alvin Price raced to Port Arthur to confront Vesco with the evidence.

Together with the fact that four of his young victims still were living and could identify him, he hung his head and said, "It is mine. I had a feeling come over me. I did it."

Asked to make a statement, Vesco wrote out a full confession to the slaying of George Smith.

"What about Roy MacGregor?" McPherson asked.

"I've been hanging about the same way. I had never killed anyone before."

Whipped back to Winnipeg and arraigned on charges of first-degree murder, Vesco was identified by the four boys he was tried for the murder of the slain.

Twice he appealed the conviction, but the sentence was upheld, and on November 19, 1948, he was taken to the gallows at Headingley Jail in Winnipeg.

The names Bobby Mayer, Phil Shoen, Paul Windo, Jimmy Earl Anthony, Joe Cushing, Bill Homer and Vince O'Dell are fictitious in this story.



Alvin Haren had a big snafu for his Cleveland officers who arrested her but not for the judge who gave her 20 years

## Up to the Minute

THE tenuous partnership of a beautiful 37-year-old brunette and a young man who wore a woman's bikini for underclothing has ended in death for him and 20 years' imprisonment for her.

For "The World's Worst Bank Robbery," (Official Detective, February, 1960) Edna Margaret Fox, manager of a Cleveland, Ohio, bank, and her partner, Alvin Haren, were arrested.

But their plans for robbing the bank were bungled when the Fox family managed to call police, who reached the bank shortly after Haren did. As they closed in, Alvin shot himself. Alvin, who was to have picked him up for the getaway, saw the police cars and fled. She was arrested two weeks later.

Because the judge believed her story that she was an unwilling accomplice and her victims' story that he had shown mercy to them, the judge also showed mercy and the beautiful Alvin was to have served only 20 years instead of the life sentence which otherwise would have been mandatory under Ohio law.

An escapee from a North Carolina prison came, my friend, and killed 11-year-old Mrs. Fox. For Belle Haren, who was in a Charlotte, N.C., cemetery, has been convicted on a charge of first-degree murder with no recommendation for mercy.

The unusual detective investigation which began when Mrs. Fox's body was found in a cold storage room, and ended with the arrest of the escapee, Elmer Davis, 35, a convicted morals offender, appeared in a story entitled "Too Many Among the Dead" in the January, 1964, issue.

Lack of evidence excepting the suspects' statements accusing each other caused a two-judge criminal court in Baltimore to return innocent verdicts for Edward Moudale and James O. Hare, Jr., for the murder and rape of a 57-year-old grandmother in Clifton Park.

The detective work which resulted in the arrest of Moudale and Hare for the slaying of Mrs. Ethel Francis on the grounds of the Clifton Park golf course appeared in the February, 1960, issue, under the title, "Baltimore's Horror on the Fairway."

Other recent legal decisions included a death sentence for young Alexander Hoffard for the murder of Patricia Marie Gene Doran of the Hillsborough, California, police force ("The Crimes of Alexander XIV," November, 1959) and 30 years to life for Lee Schlesinger, convicted of second-degree murder for the fatal stabbing of Zacharias (Irvy) Levy, assistant manager of Manhattan's Jax Club, Barclay ("The Killer in Bank," May, 1959).

Lyle Elnis, 25, the target of a multimillion dollar hunt following his unsuccessful attempt to rob the Greenwood Country Club in St. Petersburg, Florida, has been sentenced to one to 20 years for that and a number of other crimes. His partners in several burglaries—Thomas James John Street and Edward Stempel—received sentences of from six months to fifteen years. "The Skirmish at Lakewood" in the March, 1960, issue recounted the police work which led to the roundup of the gang.

## 77 Miles Between Bullets (From page 14)

This rush of expediency brought the officers nearly to the front of Dupree. For hardly had they reached the Dupree home than grim-insomniac faces among the crowd shined and rifles, crowded around the sheriff's car. One of them shouted: "Get it over with—the shot her!"

From the back of the car, seated beside Deputy Griffith, Phlips trembled. "Oh, Lord, don't let 'em!" he whispered. "I want to see this thing through." The Dupree couple, kindly, generous to their hands, willing participants in any affair, were now being treated as criminals in the community. The brutal shooting of Mrs. Dupree, alone and defenseless in her home, had set a high standard of resistance. Obviously the police interest in Phlips' movements had become known, as well as the incriminating evidence against him.

But the orderly process of law and justice is one thing, mob retribution another. Sheriff Stewart called out: "You men come to your senses—this man is just a suspect, nothing more—he may be innocent. I warn every one of you to get back! Don't do anything you'll regret!"

Words appeared to have little effect. More men roared up and milled around. The crowd pushed closer. Stewart recoiled once of them—lawless, respected farmers—but suspicion had replaced reason: their faces were drawn in stiff lines of hatred, their eyes flashed with the hunger for quick, run-tripper justice.

**STEWART** called into tense alertness, his hands on his stiff-shouldered gun, his mind racing with quick plans to lessen the hideous danger of mob action. Then, suddenly, the car rocked with a violent motion. A stocky, bespectacled man had jumped on the front bumper. He was full of face, his complexion had turned to the crowd, his arms upraised.

It was Glenn Dupree, one of Cary's brothers. His voice rose above the sulken, sateable threats and urgings of the crowd for something to do. "Get out of the car," he yelled, "all of you! You don't do a bit of good! If you do anything rash now you'll have to pay for the rest of your lives!"

Then Dupree paused, gulping for breath. The shouts from the crowd shifted to be replaced by broken sobs. He went on, his voice hoarse but vibrant with persuasion—"Believe me, you don't want the answer. Even if I addressed that, this won't bring her back. Let our officers handle it. If the man is guilty, there isn't a chance he'll get out of it. We don't want this country blackened by something that you'll regret to your dying day. Pick up, go back to your homes!"

His exhortation had its effect. First the men in the rear of the throng turned and shuffled off into the night in the dark. Then the leaders, some of them restraining to Dupree in silent assent.

Just as Stewart was about to drive away, a radio call came in advising that two S&W friends and technicians were in the office. He left Boyd at the Dupree house "Get Glenn or one of the relatives to see if anything is missing. And get out of it. If Dupree comes home with money was in his wife's purse," he requested. Then, taking a moment to note the reveal from his first news report, Stewart shoved the cruiser into gear, roared back through Angier and then toward to the county seat at Lillington.

The agenda awaiting him were Richardson, Earl Starling and John Boyd, the S&W's ballistics and perjury expert. "Any change in Mrs. Dupree's condition?" asked Stewart quickly as Phlips took his office.

Richardson said there was no change—she still was unconscious, with the

physicians holding out little hope. However, it had been recovered from her brain. Boyd was certain it had been fired from a 22-caliber gun.

"We informed the FBI of this fact," he said, "and they told us that so far as they know, none of the Ivy League students are involved with this case."

By this time Dupuis O'Quinn and Townsend returned to report that they had found two men from whom Phlips had sought to borrow money.

As complained by Agents Starling and Boyd, drove back to the Dupree home while Sheriff Stewart was being taken to the hospital. The floor of the jail and settled down for another session of questioning. He pointed out the same discrepancy after another in Phlips' story: "What kind of a gun do you have?"

"I got no gun," cried the huge man. "I don't not want to buy groceries, much less a gun!"

The radio drowned him, meanwhile, dressed with an exchange report. Deputy Griffith called in that Dupree was certain approximately fifteen dollars had been taken from the cash register, the painted book which his wife kept in the kitchen. As for fingerprints, Boyd had had little success so far in the search.

An hour or so later the agents returned. They talked to Phlips, who agreed to take a lie-detector test. He promptly was driven to S&W headquarters in Raleigh.

At the end of the tests, Boyd reported to Sheriff Stewart: "The best I can tell you right now is that the results are inconclusive. Phlips definitely was not the shooter. But he was a northern near the Dupree place at around noon. He shows considerable signs of face, his complexion had turned to the crowd, his arms upraised. But questions pertinent to the shooting don't appear to bother him to say or mark down."

Upon returning with Phlips to Lillington, Stewart was met by O'Quinn and Boyd. They reported that Phlips had been taken back to the cell. Then he asked quickly, "How did we do with the lie test?"

"We don't get far, Johnny Boyd said the tests were inconclusive. Says we might try bringing him back later." O'Quinn shook his head. "No, we have another lead now, anyway."

Stewart's brow creased in puzzlement. "What other lead?"

The deputy pushed his hat back and took a deep breath. "We just had a call that might push this shooting clean away from Phlips—seventy-seven miles away—to be exact about it."

O'Quinn said that a long-distance call had come in from Sheriff B. P. Litch of Scotland County reporting another shooting. A mysterious man covered the body of an elderly man lying on a lonely stretch of road, fifteen miles northward of Lillington, around 3:30 that Thursday afternoon.

A 1951 Ford hitched to an open trailer loaded with a cargo of fruits, vegetables, cereals and other farm products had been parked near the body which had been identified as that of Frank Alford, 61-year-old, a well-known local producer.

"They got rid of a hit-run theory pretty quick," continued O'Quinn. "The man's been shot right between the eyes. They figure it was a twenty-two caliber weapon."

Stewart still was furrowed. "All right, they have a rough one, too. What's it have to do with us? The fact that their man was shot with a twenty-two also doesn't mean much."

"They have a lead in their case—the fellow they're looking for used to pick cotton for Cary Dupree. It's Leroy Jones—we've had him on a couple of scrapes—remember?"

Stewart remembered Jones, a touch-acting 28-year-old who had been in minor trouble several times when he worked in Harnett County.

"But we figure Mrs. Dupree was shot somewhere around eleven a. m.," he pointed out, "and this fellow was found dead at three-thirty. It just doesn't make sense that a killer would pick one victim in four hours' time seventy-seven miles apart." The sheriff was thoughtful for a few moments. "I've got the palm print on the door. 'It'd be a damned fool to say it was impossible,' he declared. 'Sensible, maybe, but not impossible.' He reached the telephone and put through a call to Sheriff Litch at Laurinburg, the Scotland County seat.

**WHEN** he hung up, he turned to O'Quinn.

"Litch has determined that Jones came down to Laurinburg earlier today accompanied by three men and a girl. They were spotted at a night club just outside of town. He wants us to try to find out whether the others are from around here. I asked him if we can send a man down there to keep us posted on what they're doing."

Other deputies were called in and briefed on the new development. Deputy Temple was selected for the trip to Laurinburg.

Temple arrived in Laurinburg at about two o'clock the following morning. He met with Sheriff Litch, a bespectacled wiry man, and three deputies. On the briefing session were Deputies David Morgan, Fairly Clark and William Craddock. The officers who had been carrying the bulk of an intensive probe launched immediately after the discovery of Alford's body.

Litch and his deputies had worked hard when the slaying of the jolly, well-liked peddler had become known. Starting from scratch, they met with little success at first. One witness, in the sparsely settled area where the body had been spotted on the highway by a practical nurse, recalled seeing "a black, mud-caked old car" precede the vendor by only a few minutes, at around 2:30 the previous afternoon. Beyond this they had learned nothing until late that evening when they picked up a tip that Leroy Jones had been born in the Laurinburg area but for the past year had worked at various jobs in the county and had pawned a 22-caliber gun that afternoon.

"The rough part of it," said Litch, "is that Jones pawned the gun to his cousin. The cousin turned right around and sold it to a customer at a beer joint after getting Jones' okay. But the cousin doesn't know the name of the man who bought it. He did tell us that the man was a German male—black with a white handle. We're still trying to track it down."

Deputy Craddock had made plaster casts of a tire track and a footprint found in the peddler's body. But they were unusually clear: the tire impression of an almost new tire, and the footprint, made by a large shoe or boot, showed the brand name "Heiletti" on both the sole and heel.

The license number of Jones' car, a 1952 black two-door Chevrolet, was obtained from the state records, and law-enforcement agencies throughout the state were alerted to watch for a new tire.

The distinctive tread on the tire print was found to be a type sold locally by only one chain automobile-supply store. Litch requested the Harnett County authorities to canvass all such stores in the Lillington-Angier area, asking if Jones recently had purchased a new tire.

**THUS** by daybreak the case had become a double-pronged effort, with nearly a score of deputies, footcruiser cars on road, monitoring over a wide area in a struggle to put together the pieces of a puzzle that appeared to be strewn everywhere.

By back-tracking the movements of Frank Alford, the investigators became convinced that a robbery motive had touched off the slaying. The amounts paid by customers who had purchased items during the day of his death totaled approximately \$53. Mrs. Alford told the deputies that when her husband left his home in the hamlet of Ellerbe, he had been carrying \$70. "Now a dollar had been found on his person."

Shortly after nine o'clock Friday morning Temple received a message from Angier—Mrs. Dupree had died, without uttering a hint to the identity of her killer.

Two days now. Was there any connection between them? Or, wondered Temple, were they two separate incidents, contracted only by a few suspicious coincidences?

Throughout Friday morning the investigation continued, with the probe to some definite conclusions. But the



N. K. Stephenson: He sold four new tires to a man who, police claim, wound up after a few miles with only one of them

ramula were meager—a single witness who recalled seeing Jones with three men companions the previous night at a roadside. The witness' description of the three was far from detailed: "One was kind of young, was taller with a round face and a shaved head, the other was skinny and wore a mustache."

As the hours slipped by, the tired deputies fought against the hope-sapping fear that they were moving on a blind trail. True, they had some evidence: a fire truck, a car, a knife, a tire print, and a dim lead—the name of a man who had owned a .38 gun and suddenly diagnosed of a rifle after the second slaying. But these few meager hints little.

By the time, shortly after noon, Deputies Morgan and Clark, still casing ramshouses, night clubs and beer taverns, discovered a wide area, some 20 to 30 miles from the scene, where Alfred had been found. Morgan knew the proprietors and could more easily asked the familiar questions—had any strangers come in at any time Thursday? He added the description of Jones and his trio of companions.

**T**HE night-club operator gave the deputies an enigmatic look. "The four troublemakers was here, Mr. Morgan. But they're not strangers. I know every one of them almost since they were kids," she said in clipped tones. "I don't think they were up to no good, the way they acted. They were gonna do the sheriff." She pointed as a deliveryman presented a ticket for some potato chips.

Morgan was staring with impatience. "What about it? Why were you going to call the sheriff?"

The woman said she simply had become suspicious of the four because they had loitered, hardly talking, eyeing each customer that came in. She said they had been in an all-night place on Thursday and stayed for about fifteen minutes. Later, they had been out into the street. She said she walked around the building two or three times before entering a mud-splattered black car and driving off.

"Is that all?" Morgan's disappointment at this innocuous bit of information showed in his voice.

Yes, Mrs. Morgan knew them four. They was up to something."

Morgan asked, "Can you give me their names?"

"Well, there was Willie Gibson, Charley Thomas, James Bailey and Leroy Jones. Leroy gave me a check for \$100."

"I wouldn't cash a check for him."

"A yeah. It was on a bank in Angier—and I don't believe he had two cents in his account. That's who I wouldn't cash."

Her descriptions of the group matched the sparse information picked up by the other officers. When the woman was the young one—around seventeen or eighteen, the woman guessed.

She had a round face and shaved head, Bailey was thin and had worn a mustache with a wide space in the middle. The other was a white man, age—25—and description the officers already knew Jones had been wearing a dark suit and a white shirt.

The woman said she knew something else, too—the name and address of Jones' girl-friend, Ruth Lawhorn.

Morgan recalled that Sheriff Lytch had rambled to the night club with Deputies Caddock and Temple. After listening to Morgan's report, he said, "If they were hanging around here, they might have left some footprints or tire marks."

If they did, he said, "We'll really have something to go on."

Before long, Deputy Clark, bending over a rain-drenched road, spotted a set of tracks far from the side of the night club, exclaimed: "Sheriff! Over here!"

Lytch raced over. Clearly excited in the dark earth he stepped in the footprint. And, with an oval indentation in the sole of the print was a partial word—"rile."

Lytch put in a call for moosehide paraphernalia and ordered every available deputy hurried into the night for the worried quiet. Deputy Clark sped to Ruth Lawhorn's address. No one was there but Ruth's father, who told the officer, "They were all here about half an hour ago. Said they were taking Ruth back to Angier."

This information was promptly relayed to the state police who set up sixteenth and moving road blocks along Route 44, which goes northwest to Angier.

A bare 20 minutes later, the radio in Sheriff Lytch's office crackled with a message from Elizabethtown—Trooper William Herbin had nabbed the quartet and the girl 24 miles north of Laurinburg.

Another 40 minutes later the grand marshal's car, a gray sedan, a dilapidated-looking Chevrolet sedan, containing four men and a girl, into the courthouse yard and Herbin handed his cargo inside, to be met by a group of Scotland County officials.

Ruth Lawhorn, questioned first, broke into better tears. She said she had no knowledge whatsoever of any violence or robberies. "They've been acting queer," she said. "But I didn't hear a thing—nothing, I swear it."

Fearfully she insisted that Jones merely had given her a ride to her father's home, where she had stayed overnight, and then had picked her up in a little after two o'clock that afternoon to take her back to Angier.

**B**EFORE the officers could turn their attention to the four young men, a telephone call came from Sheriff Stewart in Hartnett County. He reported that the quartet, the grand marshal of an auto-supply store in Angier, had searched his records and readily found that Leroy Jones had purchased a new car, a 1935 Buick, about a month before. The tires which had been purchased on the installment plan, had been changed. The Buick, which had left the point found at the Scotland County death scene.

At the same time, the courtyard, the officials examined the tires of Jones' Chevy. All but one were worn and the tread of the chassis was the right rear tire, which matched the tire found in the impression previously, according to the technicians.

They then had the new tires at one time or another, keeping just one of them, was Lytch's opinion.

When the officers had the evidence he possessed, Lytch questioned the quartet. Jones, his dark eyes fast with denial, kept repeating, "You're crazy. I'm innocent, I tell you."

Gibson, a hatchet-faced youth, actually was the same denial, insisting he didn't know of any robberies or robberies.

Thomas, his round face bairn in expression, said he didn't know of any swallows that he knew nothing that they had journeyed southward just "to have a look at the state capital."

Bailey, outwardly cool, appeared little concerned as officers removed a pair of shoes from his feet. When the officers, which was marked on both soles: "Gibberlie-Billie." Lytch did not explain the words, but he said he had seen the shoes and continued to question Bailey for nearly an hour. He met nothing but denials tinged with scorn. "Two killings—wild stuff is what I call it," declared Bailey. "You just talkin' wild."

After over two hours of fruitless inquisition, the officers gave up the officers, "Thomas seems to be the most pliable of the four. Let's talk to him again."

The Scotland County officials claim that when they showed him the moosehide paraphernalia, he said he had been removed from Bailey. Thomas put his face in his hands and said, "I ain't gonna no more—I'm gonna tell you about it."

According to the officers, Thomas said the four, all without funds or jobs, had met early Thursday morning. Jones



Deputy Clark shows Sheriff Lytch the tiny gun which changed hands twice after, they claim, it covered 77 miles with two fatal shots.

told them that the most promising target for quick money would be the Dupree house, since he had insured the day before about a job picking cotton and had learned that Dupree would be at the cotton gin on Thursday.

"We drove into the back yard and backed up to the barn," Thomas was quoted by the officers. "Jones and Bailey went inside with a twenty-two Leroy owned. I didn't think they was going to hurt the woman. But I heard a shot, and they went away like rats running out. We got away from there fast."

The investigators claim that Thomas told them that Jones and Bailey were cursing about the amount of loot they had garnered—just fifteen dollars taken from a small metal chest in the Dupree house. They had then straggled off their ill luck and Jones had decided to pick up Ruth Lawhorn at her home.

Thomas insisted that the shooting had not been mentioned to her. "They had driven to her father's home and left the car there. His statement continued, say officials. After discussing two or three potential hold-ups, they had decided to go to the Dupree house, as it was possible target, but had concluded it was too risky. Later, while driving toward the house, they had seen the car, which was driving away, and they had slowly driven his trailer along a lonely stretch of road.

"As soon as we saw him, Bailey yelled out, 'There's an easy one. We'll get him.' We signaled him to a stop. Bailey and Jones got out and walked over to him. They must have asked him for some oranges, because he began putting some in a bag. Then he turns around. All of a sudden I hear the gun go bang. The old man drops to the ground, and we could hear him kind of gurgle. Then the girl in the back came running back to the car." Thomas was quoted further by the officers.

According to the police, Thomas said his friend had been about 40 and he told them that the empty bilfold had been thrown into a ditch. "It help you get it, and I don't know who's got the gun. I believe I can help you find him, too," they claim he said.

Police officers' information and directions offered by the moon-faced hoodlum, deputies said, they soon found both men. They walked a ways and then the affair was empty. The gun, a black German-made "RG" revolver, was obtained from a respected farmer, who the officials said were certain had no knowledge of



Deputy Clark shows Sheriff Lytch the tiny gun which changed hands twice after, they claim, it covered 77 miles with two fatal shots.

its evil significance when he purchased it.

Bailey and Jones were confronted with Thomas' statement, and immediately they launched into excited tirades, each accusing the other of the actual shooting of Mrs. Dupree and Frank Alfred, the officers said.

Deputy Temple called Sheriff Stewart. His report forced a whistle of elation from the lips of his superior. "Boy! Am I glad to hear that!" he exclaimed. "And someone on the top floor of the jail is going to be even gladder!"

The news that he had been exonerated was warmly imparted to Robert Phipps. "Tears welled in his eyes," Sheriff Stewart told him that he had been proven innocent, that Scotland County officers reported that four other men had admitted the slaying of Mrs. Dupree. "I'm grateful—grateful as I can be," he said humbly. "The Lord has been merciful." Then, wiping the moisture from his eyes, he shook his head.

"I wish I could go back and talk to me—I never knew I was hated like this."

"Try not to think about it," advised Stewart quietly. "After they hear about this, there won't be any more hate. Realizing how close they came to harming an innocent man, with him being hated from every one of that crowd. You'll get to understand that, Phipps."

"Yes, sir," said Phipps soberly.

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**T**HE accused men were brought back to the Hartnett County courthouse in Lillington the following day. A huge throng, crowding the streets and lawns around the building, watched in morose silence as the four were hustled in. Not a single cry for drumhead justice or redemption was voiced.

On Monday, January 11, 1960, a Hartnett County grand jury returned murder indictments against all four men. Murder and robbery charges by Scotland County authorities, stemming from the slaying of the elderly vendor, are being held in abeyance pending further legal action against the accused killers in Hartnett County.

The last of Mrs. Dupree's Destructive Straws went to press, the shrewds of both counties concerned have indicated that the slaying of the elderly vendor are being held in abeyance pending further legal action against the accused killers in Hartnett County.

The names Robert Phipps and Ruth Lawhorn are fictitious in this story.



## What Happened to Doctor McMillan? (from page 11)

death came slowly, although painlessly. She probably knew when she felt her first blow knocking her unconscious."

"If she lived that long after receiving the death blow," asked Clemmons, "what, technically, was the cause of death?"

"She had to die," said Doctor Williams. "From the head injuries she received. If she had been taken to a hospital within a short time after she received those injuries, she could have been kept alive with transfusions for several days, perhaps. But eventually she would have died because of the severe brain damage. If, by some miracle, we could have kept her alive, she would have been nothing more than a human vegetable with a fraction of a brain."

Doctor Williams also explained that the victim had not been sexually assaulted. He added that some time between 5 p. m. and seven p. m. she had eaten a dinner of steak and potatoes and had a glass of beer.

"You say she died at about midnight of injuries received four to six hours earlier—that would be between six and eight p. m. Right?" asked Pavot.

"That would be my judgment," said Doctor Williams. "It might even have been a little later than that."

"If she left New Orleans at four p. m.," Pavot continued, "then she should have, by normal driving, reached Baton Rouge at about five o'clock. She would have met her date almost immediately, had dinner, then gone to the spot where she was killed."

"BUT whom did she meet?" demanded King. "That person might hold the key to this whole case."

"I wonder," mused Sheriff Clemmons, "if the reason for keeping her boyfriend's identity a secret might not be a little deeper than just the fear of causing campus gossip."

"Are you suggesting some scandal resulting if it were known?" asked Pavot. Clemmons nodded. "It's just a possibility, so far as we can't find a motive for the slaying. Apparently she had no enemies. She wasn't robbed, and she wasn't assaulted. Whoever killed her probably knew her and didn't want her to be afraid of him. Otherwise she wouldn't have met him at such an unusual hour at that private road off the highway. If she were going with a married man, for instance, he would have been afraid she might expect him to have a lot to say," observed Pavot.

"What do you think," asked Clemmons, rising. "But, wherever it is, we have to find him."

Finally, Sheriff Clemmons set his investigative machinery in motion. King was assigned the job of probing Doctor McMillan's personal relationships with members of the Baton Rouge faculty and students, both at Baton Rouge and in New Orleans.

King was instructed to try to trace Doctor McMillan's movements after she reached Baton Rouge. Clemmons remarked that she had had no dinner that night and that she had not met her date. That meant she dined in a Baton Rouge restaurant, somewhere between the city and the state—and, if she was a clandestine meeting, probably an out-of-the-way spot. The name of the restaurant on the highway and the name of her hotel would be a good place to begin.

Other deputies were assigned to look up the victim's friends and acquaintances outside of her academic world and try to learn whether she ever had dated a man other than her husband, who would be a good place to begin.

Still others were instructed to return to the Baton Rouge area and search for weapons. They also were ordered to canvass all homes in the area, as well as gas stations, in an effort to find some-

one who had noticed something Saturday night that might be important to the investigation.

As King dug into the victim's relationships with university personnel, he discovered that one of the school's graduate students, a laboratory assistant who seemed especially interested in Doctor McMillan, had had to report for his Monday classes.

Although he was ten years the professor's junior, the student once had been known to write an affectionate note to Doctor McMillan.

A student who was issued for the student. His roommate said he had left his college dormitory at four p. m. Saturday evening explaining that he was going to his home in New Orleans for the week end. Inquiry at his home revealed that he had not arrived there.

The student, however, had returned to the campus on Tuesday morning. Obviously surprised that he was the object of a search, he explained that he had spent the week end at the home of a friend in Little Rock, Arkansas, instead of

Saturday. Versen said that she had not been able to find out where he had been.

"It was an American-made car," Versen said, "and a man was with her." No other trace of the victim, the car or the mysterious male companion could be found.

Then on Tuesday afternoon, January 12, investigators were contacted with several astounding developments.

First, New Orleans police, conducting more detailed search of Doctor McMillan's apartment, claimed they found a packet of letters from a prominent university official. They also reported the discovery of a will, naming the same official as one of Doctor McMillan's beneficiaries.

On the basis of this information, Deputy LeBlanc obtained a photograph of the man, and showed it to the waitress who, he said, tentatively identified it as the man who had dined with Doctor McMillan Saturday night.

That man was Doctor George Henry Mickey, dean of the LSU graduate school.

the principal biologist at the Oak Ridge national laboratory. There, as the recipient of a grant from the Atomic Energy Commission, he had conducted research in the field of radiation and its effects upon the physical and mental make-up of future generations.

Nevertheless, Doctor Mickey was unable to provide the name of the government man he met—"It was silly," he said, "and I don't know who it was." He was the best he could do—discreet inquiries were made in Washington in an effort to learn the man's name and locate him.

The officers were told that no one with the last name of Mickey was known to Health, Education and Welfare who would have business with Doctor Mickey had been in the vicinity of Baton Rouge on Saturday night.

Furthermore, airport officials at the Baton Rouge airport said that no one resembling Mickey had disembarked by Mickey had boarded a plane that night for Houston or any other city.

Doctor Mickey was questioned again in his laboratory at the university. Again he repeated his alibi, displaying no emotion. He said he was not sure he was questioning it and because they were keeping him from important experiments with "such inconsequential matters."

He refused to discuss the letters found in Doctor McMillan's apartment, dismissing them as forgeries. His relationship with the victim, he insisted again, was only that of a student and teacher. He said he could not imagine why Doctor McMillan would have named him in her will, unless it were from a sense of gratitude for his help in the laboratory.

The investigators went to Mickey's home, obtained the clothing he was wearing on the night of the slaying and rushed it to the crime laboratory for study. Then a team of technicians went over his car. They reported that on the front fender and left door of his car they found bloodstains—stains that proved to be of the same type blood as that of Doctor McMillan.

FURTHER laboratory tests disclosed that mud on the car's front fender found Saturday night was the same soil as that found near the death scene. The technicians said, although they admitted that similar soil samples probably could be found in other scattered locations around Baton Rouge.

Doctor Mickey, who, however, showed no traces of bloodstains or any other evidence that would link him to the slaying.

Nevertheless, the evidence officers said they had uncovered—the letters in Doctor McMillan's apartment, the car on the car, the tentative identification of Doctor Mickey as her dinner companion, the mud and soil samples—all pointed to him during the critical hour between 5:30 and nine p. m. the mud found on his shoes—resulted in a decision to issue warrants for Doctor Mickey's arrest, charging him with murder.

The warrant was issued at two p. m. Thursday, January 13, the day after Doctor McMillan's death. When officers arrested him in his laboratory, he refused to make a statement, although an experiment he was performing.

At the police station he volunteered that he had been in the Baton Rouge area, which were described by Pavot as inconclusive.

At this time of OFFICIAL DETECTIVE BROWN went to press, Doctor Mickey was being held in the East Baton Rouge Parish jail on a murder charge. Although he had been charged with murder, he was innocent, he no longer displays an attitude of nonchalance toward the slaying, and he is given medicines so that he can sleep.

His attorney says he is now conducting an investigation in the light of the slaying, and he who can substantiate his story.

The district attorney says he doubts the existence of this mysterious Mr. X. Further action is pending.

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## Clue of the Hunter

(from page 17)

The barmaid made a face. "I don't know what happened to him. He never came back. And good riddance, I'd say."

She did not know his name. He had entered the bar alone and had disappeared after the fight. He hadn't seemed to know anyone in the club. She thought he probably was in his 30's and described him as fairly nice-looking with glasses. He had been wearing khaki clothing, and the waitress had noticed that he also wore a gold wedding ring.

It seemed incredible that a fight with such little provocation would give birth to a struggle that would end in death. But the description of the man in the bar, Sheriff Faulkner noted, could match the vague description furnished by Miss Littlefield of the killer. And Sheriff Faulkner wanted to find him.

Other regular patrons of the club were questioned. A few remembered seeing the fight but were hazy about the description of the other man. No one had seen his car, if he had one. He had spoken to no one and scarcely would have been noticed at all if it had not been for the noisy and unexpected outburst of temper.

But the composite description Faulkner obtained was that of a man between 30 and 40, medium build, who wore glasses and whose face seemed to be creased in a perpetual scowl.

ON THE theory that the man might have been in trouble before, Faulkner asked the state crime bureau to furnish photographs of all men with criminal records who fitted that general description. Three photographs were rushed from Oklahoma City to Tulsa and bar patrons were asked to inspect them.

Three of the bar's customers who had witnessed the fight picked out the same photograph. It was that of a 32-year-old former convict named Ervin Ray Young.

Young had a record for car theft and armed robbery. In 1932 he had received a five-year sentence for robbery. Later he had escaped from prison and was sentenced in a race with police to Houston, Texas.

But enthusiasm for Young as a possible slayer faded when Miss Littlefield could not identify his photograph as that of the man who had made the rifle into Jones' body.

She said she did not know that Jones had been injured in a fight. She knew that he had wound up in a sling for a few days but she thought he had injured it on a minor construction mishap.

When the laboratory reported that ballistic tests had cleared the two guns it had been working on, Sheriff Faulkner decided to dig into the one remaining avenue that might uncover a motive—questioning Miss Littlefield's former boy friends.

Carefully his investigators probed into the activities of four young men who had displayed serious interest in Miss Littlefield. None, however, could be placed in the general vicinity of the slaying on the night of December 11. All had habits for their whereabouts on that night. None had displayed any unusual bitterness at leaving out to Jones for the coroner for Miss Littlefield's hand.

No sooner had these men been eliminated as possible suspects, however, than a new development swung the full attention of the investigators back toward Young.

The ex-convict's wife reported him missing.



William Thompson, Jr., right, who saw his little sister kidnapped when he was only six years old and has remembered a set of teeth ever since. With him are his father, left, and a detective (pg. 21)

She had seen him last on the night of Thursday, December 11, three days before the slaying, when he had left home on a hunting trip—armed with a .22-caliber automatic rifle. Mrs. Young said her husband had planned to visit a hunting camp near Stillwell, Oklahoma, 95 miles east of Tulsa, and was due to return Sunday night. He had not come back.

Sheriff Faulkner studied a map. If Young had gone to Stillwell, his normal route home would have taken him past East 31st Street and Osburn Road. If he had followed his announced schedule, he would have been near the death scene sometime Sunday evening.

By some strange quirk of fate, had he happened to pass that lonely spot while Jones was parked there, recognized the car as that of his antagonist in the bar, and stopped?

There was only one way, the sheriff realized, to find out. And that was to locate Young.

A full-scale hunt for him was launched. The homes of all his known friends and relatives were placed under surveillance and all law-enforcement agencies throughout Oklahoma and neighboring states were alerted to be on the lookout for him.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Faulkner and a deputy visited Young's hunting camp near Stillwell. They found the camp site deserted. But on the ground they found a half-dozen spent .22-caliber cartridges.

These empty cartridges, along with those found at the scene of the slaying, were rushed to the FBI laboratory in Washington, D. C., with a request that they be examined to find out if

they had been fired by the same gun. After three days of tests, the FBI technicians reported that the hammer indentations on the shells found at the death scene and at Young's camp site were made by the same rifle.

With this report, Tulsa County Attorney Robert D. Harris, on December 21, issued a warrant charging Young with the murder of Jones.

On the following day a federal fugitive complaint was issued against Young in order to give the FBI authority to participate in the hunt.

For the next two days the search was intensified. Highway patrol check points were set up throughout the state as well as in Texas, Arkansas and Missouri. State crime bureau planes hounded over the Cocksfoot Hills area around Stillwell—for years a legendary hideout for outlaws—hoping to spot Young.

AND THEN, on Christmas Eve, a haggard young man walked into the sheriff's office at Aloka, Oklahoma, 150 miles south of Tulsa.

O. M. Dover, a special deputy, was on duty alone. He glanced at the unkempt man suspiciously, thinking he was a tramp who wanted a bed for the night.

"Can I help you?" he asked. The man nodded. "I'm Ervin Ray Young," he said. "I'm wanted for murder. I want to give myself up."

For a moment Dover did not believe him. Then he glanced at a picture on a wanted poster on the wall and back again at the young man. There was, he decided, a resemblance.

The man was indeed Ervin Ray Young. Hungry, cold and with only two

cents in his pocket, he said he was tired of running. He had called his mother in Tulsa and she had persuaded him to surrender at once.

"I've been hitchhiking around the country," he explained when he was questioned by Faulkner later that evening. "I don't know where I've been exactly. Places in Texas and Oklahoma I sort of remember. But I'm not sure."

Young, however, insisted he had not killed Jones. He maintained his innocence throughout the following day—Christmas—and was returned to Tulsa to be arraigned on December 22.

He was identified by the bar patrons and was indicted and ordered held without bond pending trial. At a preliminary hearing on January 16, he again denied that he had killed Jones or that he was involved in a fight with Jones in the bar a month before.

He also refused to tell where his car was or the gun which he used on his hunting trip.

Police announced, however, that the gun was found at the home of one of his friends, who said Young had left it there on Monday, December 14, the day following the slaying. Ballistic tests have disclosed it to be the death weapon, according to the official laboratory report.

Meanwhile, Dale Jones had been buried in a small cemetery just outside of Tulsa. And buried with him were his dreams, the ordinary dreams of an ordinary young man that vanished with the sound of a gun on a lonely road the night of December 13.

The name *Marlene Anders is fictitious* in this story

## The End of the Terrible Touthys (from page 20)

The saga of the Terrible Touthys was over, everyone thought.

Everyone, that is, but Roger. Like many another long-term, Roger Touthy became what the inmates call a jail-house lawyer, studying law books and the possibilities of winning a new hearing that would prove his innocence. He had been framed by the Capone mob, he was sure.

First, he decided he would need new witnesses and new statements from the witnesses who had testified. He employed several lawyers and a private investigator. Their progress was slow, but the private detective, Morris Green, came up with an impressive dossier of sworn statements tending to disprove Touthy's guilt.

He found fifteen people in Tennessee who swore that Ike Costner and Basil Banghart had been in that state on June 30 and for several days afterward and could not have participated in the Factor case.

Kator and Shaffer made independent statements that the kidnap had been framed by Jake Factor, that they and Willie Sharkey and others had been hired to stage the fake abduction and that they had split the \$75,000 ransom, which had been agreed upon in advance. Kator and Shaffer said the motive was to keep Factor in the United States so he wouldn't have to face in criminal courts. They swore that Roger Touthy was not in on the plot.

Several of the prosecution's witnesses changed their stories. In fact, the prosecution's case was thoroughly repudiated.

And it did no good at all. Effort after effort to bring the case into court was turned down. Both the Illinois Appellate Court and the United States Supreme Court made the same ruling: "Denied without a hearing."

THE years went by. Strangely no fellow convicts made any attempt to kill Touthy. But his hope was dwindling until it had all but disappeared. And then, on October 9, 1942, Roger the Terrible Touthy broke out of jail.

Seven men, including Touthy and Banghart, cowed an elderly guard and his son, escaped over the wall and got away in the guard's car. They evaded detection and abandoned the guard's car near Chicago. An immediate nation-wide manhunt was instituted, with the FBI taking part.

Newspaper accounts attributed a remark to Roger Touthy (now referred to as Black Rover and Roger the Terrible) and it was widely quoted:

"The first thing I'm going to do is get Jake Factor."

Touthy later repeatedly denied this. Jake Factor had become involved in another swindle. In September, 1942, Factor and nine associates were arrested and charged with a swindle that government attorneys said had brought them more than a million dollars. The ten men were indicted in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and trial was scheduled in federal court for November.

Following the escape of Roger Touthy, Factor pleaded guilty in Cedar Rapids, and Justice Bell set February 1, 1943, as the date for sentencing. Pending this, Factor was free on bail. He asked the prosecution attorney for protection.

Touthy and his companions in the jailbreak were free for 82 days. Then an informant tipped the FBI that they were living in a Chicago apartment on Kenmore Avenue. The federal officers raided this place on December 29, 1942. Touthy and Banghart were unarmed and surrendered without resistance. Two of the escapees were killed and the others were captured.

Under a little-used Illinois law, Touthy and Banghart were indicted for aiding and abetting the escape of one of the others, Eddie Darlak. If convicted, they could be given the same

sentence as Darlak. Touthy was convicted but the federal government took possession of Banghart and sent him to Alcatraz. Darlak had been sentenced to 199 years; the same term was imposed on Roger Touthy.

On February 1, 1943, John Factor appeared before Judge Bell in Cedar Rapids and begged the court to allow him to change his plea to not guilty.

"I have had no chance to refute the charges made by the prosecution," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. "I pleaded guilty last November because my life and the lives of my family were threatened. I was threatened I would be killed in this courtroom by Roger Touthy."

THE judge denied his plea and Factor was given ten years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,000.

More years passed and Factor was out of prison again when there was another flurry in the case of Roger Touthy. In 1944 a Chicago lawyer, Robert Johnstone, became convinced of Touthy's innocence and devoted his full time to the case.

He went to Leavenworth and talked to Ike Costner.

Without hesitation Costner said he would talk. A deposition was taken. Costner said that he had been in Tennessee on June 30, 1933, and for several

days afterward and that all he knew about the Factor case was what he read in the papers. In fact, Costner swore, all of his testimony at the Touthy trial was perjured.

He said that after he and Banghart were arrested in Baltimore on February 11, 1934, on the Charlotte mail-robbery charges, Jake Factor came to see him. Later, Costner said, he had many conversations with Factor and was told what he was to say. He said that Captain Gilbert was present during some of these talks, although he did not implicate Gilbert in the perjury plot.

After his arrival in Chicago, Costner said, policemen took him around to various places connected with the case and Factor explained what they were and how they fitted into the testimony.

"Was any one person responsible for the story you told on the stand?" Costner was asked.

"Well, I would say Factor was more responsible than any other person."

"He suggested most of the lineup?"

"He promised he would get me out of my trouble and get me a legitimate job in Chicago where I could earn a living."

Costner's deposition was long, but the substance of it was that he knew none of the facts of Factor's disappearance and all his testimony at the trial had been false.

Armed with this and the deposition



Tommey, the first of the Touthys to be called The Terrible, was ill, yet he went to court in a wheelchair to be sentenced for mail robbery in 1936

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Did Capone's vengeance reach his old enemy from beyond the grave?

already obtained by the private detective and others. Attorney Johnstone asked Federal District Judge John P. Barnes of Chicago for a hearing. Judge Barnes agreed.

On September 8, 1933, all available witnesses were called to appear in person before Judge Barnes and those not available were heard by deposition. Jake Factor took the stand and requested his account of the kidnaping. So did many others. Altogether, over a period of 26 days, Judge Barnes heard the testimony of 37 witnesses. Then he took the case under advisement and said he would render his decision after a thorough study of the evidence.

Roger Touhy went back to prison to await Judge Barnes' ruling.

**MEANWHILE,** there had been many changes in Chicago and Cook County. Remnants of the Touhy gang had died or disappeared. Tommy Touhy had been charged with mail robbery in 1933; suffering from an illness, he had to be carried into court to hear a federal judge sentence him to 23 years. He had since been paroled.

The Capone Syndicate, with its major competition out of the way, flourished. Vice and narcotics racketeers were operated where and when conditions permitted. Gambling, often transient when reform campaigns put on the heat, continued to be the bread and butter of the strictly criminal element. Gang murders continued but on a greatly reduced scale. There was no more warfare between gangs; the remnants of the Touhy mob had been swallowed up into the big Syndicate. Talking too much was the cardinal sin; the man who was disposed to say the wrong thing or too much was quickly eliminated, his body dumped beside a lonely country road or stuffed into the trunk of his own car.

The big campaign to invade private business was quietly and successfully carried on. Many thriving businesses, taverns, night clubs, restaurants, cleaning plants—others were taken over entirely or the mob became a silent partner. New and phenomenally successful neighborhood shopping centers, backed by Syndicate money, were built.

Almost a year passed before Judge Barnes rendered his decision. Finally, on August 8, 1934, Touhy was brought to federal court in Chicago.

Judge Barnes ascended the bench, glanced at Touhy and plunged into his decision.

"The court finds that John Factor was not kidnaped for ransom, or otherwise, on the night of June thirtieth, or July first, nineteen thirty-three, though

he was taken as a result of his own coyness," the judge said. "The court finds that Roger Touhy did not kidnap John Factor and, in fact, had no part in the alleged kidnaping of John Factor."

The opinion was more than 60,000 words. In effect, Judge Barnes said he believed that Factor had arranged the kidnaping to avoid going back to England to face trial for swindling, that the evidence of the 37 witnesses indicated it was a frame-up in which some members of the Touhy gang participated, that Touhy himself had no part of it and that Touhy was framed because he had incurred the enmity of the Capone mob.

Judge Barnes ordered Touhy released and he walked out of court with his family.

**BUT** his freedom was not to last long.

The prosecution took an immediate appeal to the United States Court of Appeals. Forty-eight hours after he was freed, Touhy was arrested again. The appeals court, while making no ruling on the merits of Judge Barnes' opinion, overruled his decision on the ground that Touhy had not exhausted all possible remedies in the state courts and therefore the federal court was without jurisdiction. Touhy was ordered returned to Stateville.

Had it all been in vain? Was this the mob's vengeance—life in prison for Roger Touhy?

Attorney Johnstone filed a new series of legal maneuvers but they soon bogged down on crowded court calendars. Touhy then appealed to Governor William G. Stratton for executive clemency. The case was referred to the Pardon and Parole Board.

And the board agreed to a hearing on 1937. Touhy told his story. Then the board heard a voluntary witness—Cook County State's Attorney Benjamin S. Adamowski, whose first assistant, Frank Ferlic, had at one time tried to win freedom for Touhy. Adamowski urged the board to give favorable consideration to the Touhy plea.

The hearing ended and the board took the case under advisement. Also considered was the case of Giuseppe Gus Shaffer, who had done his time quietly.

A few months later the board recommended clemency for both Shaffer and Touhy. Shaffer's term was commuted and he was released on parole. The governor commuted both of Touhy's sentences; the 102-year prison-escape stretch was reduced to three years, the 98 years for kidnaping to 12. Touhy was eligible for parole November 23, 1939.

On that date Roger Touhy at last shook hands with Warden Eagen of Stateville and walked through the iron gates, on parole but otherwise a free man.

He had won the most difficult battle of his life—partial exoneration of the kidnap charges and release from prison. What about his other battles? Was the mob satisfied now?

Roger Touhy didn't think so. For on hand to greet him was a bodyguard he had hired, a former Chicago police sergeant named Walter Miller.

And on hand to watch him and shadow him whenever he went was a man with a shotgun.

Roger Touhy's death had been ordered. He was out of prison but he wouldn't live long. Why? What astounding facts did police uncover as they closed in on Roger Touhy's silent past? What was Touhy's own story, revealed after his death, about the Chicago underworld group that President-Elect Roosevelt's Nix, the home Touhy forces and the Chicago police joined to do battle with Capone? The next installment of this revealing insight into gangland will be in the May issue of Official Detective Stories, on sale Thursday, March 31.



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Smith, however, insisted that the blood was from the scratches on his hands. From the way he spoke, he

The interior of the car was splashed with blood.

When he had been arrested in the

During that and the previous year a

How closely was he connected with this new case? The detectives had to find out. They went first to the Roxy

...Theater, where an usher remembered him as a regular. He, although he could not recall on which evening, Joyce Davis, a stenographer who had been slouched on the street, was brought in to look for Smith. She identified him, police say, as her assailant. Then three twelve-year-old girls and their mother, who lived in a station home nearby Phoenixville. On Monday, about four hours before Maryann had been slain, a man came to the three girls from a Phoenixville home, they said, and grabbed one of them by the hair. She was screaming and the other two girls had screamed and fled. After the slaying of Maryann, one of the girls recognized Smith as the man who had taken all three now identified him in a lineup, police claimed.

Still the evidence, while linking Smith to other slayings, was circumstantial as far as the slaying of Maryann was concerned.

On Wednesday officers converged on the home of a man who was described to them, during a canvass of Smith's neighbors, as a close friend of the suspect. Bearing in mind the possibility that the killer might have an accomplice, they questioned him. He, however, was cleared of suspicion. That same day they heard of another friend of Smith's, this one a police sergeant, Melvin Bryant. They spoke to her on her father's farm. From her they got the clue they were looking for. On the night Smith had given her a present, A watch. The same watch, the officers soon learned, that had been stolen from the Bragg home.

This nailed Smith to the bloodstained chair, they claimed. And the greater bond formed in that car had been identified as Maryann's.

ON FRIDAY, after being confronted by the evidence and after a plea for the truth from his mother and from his sister, Smith, 23, confessed to police claimed. In his confession, the police say, he stated that he had had no contact with Maryann since the slaying of Maryann on Monday night. He had no sign from her Henry Avenue and Walnut streets to the home of Catherine Bragg, where he bludgeoned her in the car, police quoted him as admitting, then drove to Barron and left her there still alive. According to officers she had begged him, "Please take me home," and he'd answered, "To hell with you." Walk away from me.

The car, police quoted him as saying, he had stolen from a parking lot, and had driven to front of the Bragg apartment. Furthermore, he had not bargained for his place.

One discrepancy appeared in Smith's statement, a discrepancy of 28 hours. He claimed, according to the police, that he had killed Maryann on Monday night; the autopsy report said she had been slain Tuesday night. Police are still investigating and conducting a search for other slayings. He kept the girl captive all that time.

At a hearing on January 8, 1966, Smith pleaded guilty to the slaying. He was put in the Montgomery County Jail. On Thursday, January 14, he was taken to the Montgomery County Jail. He was put in the Montgomery County Jail. He was put in the Montgomery County Jail.

That same day, seeking again into the Carol Ann Thompson case, police officers and brother-in-law, who was in the prison and had him look at a lineup in an effort to pick out the man who years before had kidnapped his sister. Thompson claimed that he was able to pick Smith from the lineup.

Since the name of the man, David Bragg, was given to press Smith is being held without bail pending further legal action and authorities are conducting a search for additional evidence that might link him to other slayings.

## Hunting the Painting Killer (from page 40)

The inspectors were forced to admit that they had nothing to point to a suspect.

"I can't know what the newspapers are doing to us," Toothman said. "They're making it look like we're a bunch of fools running around, killing old people get killed."

The inspectors were well aware of that.

"He must drive into a hole minutes after an attack," Captain Brown said. "Take this last car. It was picked up every body on the street in that entire area and didn't find him."

Toothman identified Madson and Clarke. "What have you fellows been doing?"

Madson explained that they had been working on the term "paint" which the killer used when he attacked Sterne.

"Goodness is sure that the word 'paint' isn't used by narcotics used by beatniks," Madson said. "So it appears that the killer actually meant paint. But what kind of paint, or what for, we don't know."

The inspectors, basing other theories, were inclined to believe that if the killer had mentioned paint, he most likely would have meant paint for an automobile. For a start, a canvass was made of all the young men in the area who was involved with painting his car.

It was slow work, and as each day passed the officers realized it would be only a matter of time until the murger slayer was found.

After nearly a week of running down youths with automobiles, Madson told Clarke, "You know, we're looking on the wrong lines. Let's work with this thing about 'paint'."

"Yeah? What makes you think that?" said Clarke.

Madson pointed out that in the investigation of each of the slayings and attacks the area had been searched almost immediately by patrolmen. "If he'd been in a car he would have been spotted," Madson pointed out.

"It's easy," says

Don Bolander . . .

"and you

don't

have to go

back to

school!"

During a recent interview, Don Bolander, director of Career Institute of Chicago and a young ex-offender, gave his opinion on the case. "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander explains why.

**Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English creates a poor confidence in you. It makes you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead. You can't win the respect and confidence of other people without a nice command of good English.

**Question: How do you mean by a "command of English"?**

**Answer:** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation, read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you

"I agree that he leaves the scene on foot," Clarke said. "He probably picks up someone to hide and slays them. But I don't see that it eliminates his owning a car."

"If he's a young kid and has a car, he won't," said Madson said. "And I think he'd change the place of the beatniks. Every one has been within a twenty-block area."

"Do you think Sterne didn't hear correctly when the fellow mentioned 'paint'?"

"I've gone to the dictionary and looked up every word I could find that even vaguely resembles 'paint,'" Madson said. "I can't find a thing that would make sense."

"Where can you leave us?"

"For the moment, I'd suggest that we forget about the word."

"And do what?"

"Madson pointed out that every description they had of the mugger tabbed him as being young. The witnesses' estimates of his age varied from sixteen to 25 years. All agreed he was youthful.

"A punk doesn't go bad overnight," Madson said. "This fellow must have been building up to the point where he slays old men for the few dollars he can scrape out of their pockets."

MADSON said he had made an appointment with the Chicago Police Department's California Youth Authority parole officer who kept tabs on parolees young in the area. "Maybe he can come up with something."

"I hope so," Clarke said fervently. "Every time my phone rings at night I get up and wonder what that another old man has been killed."

The homicide officers met with Bolander on his fifth day. They gave the parole officer all the facts on the slayings and the numerous attacks.

"You're a good kid, but you're a much," Madson said. "All we know is he is young and tall, and we're pretty sure he must live in the neighborhood of the crime."

One by one, Schleich and the detective went through the file of parolees in the area. A number of the names Schleich came up with were of youths whom the detective had had in custody. Madson and Clarke made notes on several they would interrogate again.

The search priority was on another file and stood for a moment studying it.

"Here's one that a psychiatrist might make some head or tail out of."

It was the parole record of a youth named Septia Banjo. He was eighteen years old and had lived in the neighborhood of the slaying of Maryann until recently, when he had moved to Oakland.

"He was sent to the County camp for an assault on an elderly man," Schleich said. "But he has been reported in regularly, and I don't quite see him as the fellow you're looking for."

"What did you mean when you said a psychiatrist might make something out of it?" Madson asked.

Schleich explained that Septia Banjo was an adopted child. He actually was the son of a man named Tummy White.

"When Septia was very young, his father killed his mother at the time she was expecting another child. He also killed Septia's sister," Schleich said.

"The only reason Septia escaped was because he was away from the house at the time. When they boy attacked this man in Emeryville, I recall that the psychologists who questioned him seemed to have some trouble in attacking him from a resentment the youth had for his own father because of the slaying of his mother."

Madson said, "In other words, the kid grew up hating other men because he saw them as his father."

"That's the idea."

"That could fit our case like a glove," Madson said. "But I'm sure we're looking for pinks only on old men."

"His father wouldn't have been that old," Schleich pointed out.

"We're not sure. I remember the boy was pretty young at the time. Kids always figure their parents to be old people."

Schleich said, "I don't have the boy's psychiatric record, but they probably would have it at the training school he went to."

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ers, clerks, waitresses, and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, writers, housewives, college graduates, and military personnel, and many others.

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DON'T FEEL RIGHT!



"I don't think we'll need it right now," Madden said. "The first thing I want to do is talk to this kid." Bancho accompanied the detectives to Bancho's home to question him. The tall, gangling youth was there when the officers arrived.

These men want to talk to you, *Bancho*, *Bancho* told Bancho.

"What for?"

"They want you to answer some questions."

"I ain't doing nothing. Just because I was in trouble once don't mean I'm going to keep on doing things. I been coming in regular like they told me to."

"Bepha, you don't like old men, do you?" Madden asked.

"Why do you say that?"

"You beat up an old man over in Emeryville."

"You talk like those doctors at the school," Bancho said. "I told them I didn't mean to hurt the old man; I just needed some money. I ain't got used to do with my old man because he killed my mother. They try to make things up."

"Have you been needing money lately, Bepha?"

"No, sir. I go to school. Mr. Ditchbach can tell you. I go to junior college. And you ask the college, they'll tell you I don't miss any school. I don't get into no trouble."

"Do you have a car?" Clarke asked.

"Bancho shook his head. "I ain't afford no car."

"Where do you get your money?"

"I know what you fellows are trying to get at," Bancho said. "I'm trying to say I beat up those old men."

"You know about that?"

"I guess anybody would have to be beat out to read about it in the newspapers. Some policemen already come around and asked me about it. I told 'em I didn't know no law 'bout it."

"What's your hobby?" Madden asked abruptly.

"I'm going to be a painter," Bancho said. "I'm studying art at school so I can be a painter like Salvador Dali. Do you fellows know his work?"

"How about showing us some of your work?" Madden asked.

"It ain't very good."

"We'd like to see it."

"I'm not sure, but you probably won't understand it. It ain't pictures like a camera takes. An artist who paints these kind of pictures should have a camera used of him. It's painting the way you feel something."

THE youth led the officers to his room and showed them a number of paintings. Madden and Clarke were unable to judge whether they were good—all they could see was that they were different. They seemed to have a bleak, melancholy expression in somber form-freak colors.

"Where do you get the ideas for your paintings?" Madden asked.

"Out of my head. I just get feeling that way, and then I paint how I feel."

Clarke asked, "Paint, brushes and canvas must be expensive, aren't they? Where do you get the money?"

"I don't spend money on nothing else."

Clarke did not press the line of questioning. Instead the detectives let the young man say about his work and the greatness of Salvador Dali. He told the detectives that while he had been in the juvenile detention camp he spent most of his time painting and had been encouraged by the counselors there to continue his study of art.

The detectives talked about the paintings a little longer, then brought the conversation back to the old man. "One of the fellows told me the fellow who attacked him said he needed the money for paint," Madden said gently. "I guess he'll remember to allow you did it."

At that, the detectives left. Bancho sank into a chair, covered his face with

his hands and began to sob. "I didn't mean to hurt them," he mumbled, according to the officers. "I don't know why I hurt them. I only meant to take their money, but then I had to hit them. It seemed like I went crazy. And every time I'd come home and cry about it."

Madden and Clarke claimed that when Bancho had been taken to police headquarters he volunteered a statement in which he admitted he had robbed nearly a score of elderly men and had admitted to the killing of Bancho and Griffin. Later, the detectives announced, Bancho had re-enacted the attacks for the officers.

Bancho, the officers said, told them he picked on old men because he knew they were easy to beat. "I don't know why I can't fight and I can't fight," they quoted the youth as saying. "That's why I picked on the old men. They don't know why I beat all of them. I never intended to. It seemed like I went crazy and I had to hit them again and again."

Psychiatrists who examined the youth claimed that the compulsion to beat the victims very probably resulted from the youth's "mad" imagination, and that because his father had killed his mother

WHEN he was questioned about this, Bancho replied, police said, "I guess I am crazy. It's lucky you cops found me, or else I'd have been on a ship and killed some more people. When I would start out after those old men, all I wanted was money. But when I knocked them down, it was like I was outside this world."

District Attorney J. Frank Cookley predicted that the police case against Bancho in a grand jury. After hearing the evidence, the jury returned an indictment charging the youth with two counts of murder, two counts of robbery and one count of assault.

Psychiatrists who Bancho is being held in custody pending further legal proceedings.

called in Pernley. He was coming in voluntarily so that the officers could question him.

As soon as Scarlett arrived, he told the officers, "I wasn't even at the City. But I can tell you who hated Big Bill."

"Who?"

"That crazy Nick Goodman."

"Why?"

"Because he threatened me once. And I know he was hot for Bill. He was sore because we wouldn't back up his story that he wasn't cheating at the blackjack table."

Rose asked: "Did he actually threaten you?"

"And when?"

"He said he had not been an open threat. I'd just kept going around saying that some day he would get even."

Scarlett said he had been given a permit as a dealer, he couldn't get another job at a table. And he never would work as a dealer like he had.

"You got your job, too," Rose said.

"Sure. But it wasn't Big Bill's fault. Goodman gave us all the business."

Scarlett said he had been in the city in the hope that he could be of help with the investigation.

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A Gambler's Pay-Off (from page 43)

Goodman claimed that he had been with his wife on Christmas Eve and in the early morning hours, victims' names and names to wish, friends a Merry Christmas.

I first heard Duffin had been killed when I called the News. I said a friend was there. Goodman said:

"Later on my wife said I went to the Wells Fargo, and everybody there was saying about how Bill had been killed."

Despite his admitted dislike for the gambler, it seemed improbable that the bitterness he felt was a strong enough motive for the cold-blooded assassination of a fellow gambler.

By quizzing friends of the victim, the officers learned that most of Duffin's business life was associated with clubs, bars and gambling. Before coming to Nevada, he had operated a night club on Geary Street in San Francisco. At one time, when he held extensive interests in pinball games in California in partnership with the late Jack Kerby, and his partner had been dubbed by the California newspapers the "Twin Kings" of the pinball and jukebox business.

He led the kind of a life where a man can make fast enemies," Rose pointed out. "That, at least, except for Goodman. Everybody says Big Bill was a square shooter and everybody loved him."

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Plenty of other unanswered questions plagued the investigators.

How had the killer known that Duffin was in the Silver Spur?

Why had he selected the well-lighted street for the ambush instead of following his victim home?

And the biggest question of all—why had Duffin been killed?

The investigators again called on Mrs. Duffin. She said she knew little about her husband's business affairs, but she felt sure his death could not have been accidental.

She was even more certain that it was not because of jealousy or a triangle.

She said she had been in San Francisco, and the investigators met them at the airport.

"Has your husband ever thought of anyone who might have wanted to kill Duffin?" Humphrey asked.

"I haven't thought of anything else," Mrs. Vincent said. "I've been in business with Big Bill for nearly fifteen years, and I don't know of a single person who didn't like him."

"What about Nick Goodman?"

"He tried to blame Bill for his trouble, but we were the ones who were hurt, not he."

Mrs. Vincent was questioned about Duffin's associates in the California gambling and business circles.

Was it possible he had made enemies who had been a long drive that finally found him the ambush?

"I think I knew Bill Duffin as well as anyone," Mrs. Vincent declared. "I've known him for years, and I would tell you, I want to see whoever killed him pay for it. But I just can't think of anyone."

When Humphrey returned to his office, he learned that Tommie Scarlett, Duffin's former pit boss, had been lo-

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## The Four Clutters (from page 30)

room scrubbing up the last traces of blood.

"It worked here for years and I can't understand it," he said to one of the officers posted at the scene. He pointed to a tiny crib tucked into the corner of the room. "The apt that crib there because the loved children. She used to take care of cars and some of those before she turned to drugs with her husband. My three little ones thrived on the love Miss Nancy gave them."

The cleanup was done by mid-afternoon. When the crews left the farm, teams of investigators again went by night, looking for clues to point an accusing finger to the killers. As far as they could tell, nothing in the Clutter farmhouse had been disturbed. Both cars owned by the Clutter family were in the garage.

What had the killer taken? Why had he come to this peaceful prairie farm to slaughter an innocent family?

Clutter was known in the community as a "book farmer," who paid even small bills by check. This, combined with the fact that the house did not appear to have been ransacked, led some to suspect robbery as the motive, Dewey and Sheriff Robinson agreed.

Blockhead was questioned about any leads he had. The Clutter might have had difficulty, but he could remember no one who ever had worked at the place who had been paid by check. The farmer and been satisfied with his treatment.

THE investigators decided to explore the possibility that Clutter, who had been appointed director of the local Credit Board in 1934 by President Eisenhower, had stepped on the toes of a small farmer who had squatted and deep-pested patrolled in some of his business dealings. This, too, led nowhere. Then, late that afternoon, one of the agents who still was looking for clues in the house, found something strange. A small wrist watch, one of Nancy's favorite possessions, was tucked in the toe of a shoe, under her bed. Had she put it there to hide it from a robber or thief?

The men who had been assigned to search for the death weapon inside and outside the farmhouse began to look for clues. And no empty shells had been found near the bodies. Apparently the killer had pocketed his gun and left methodically before leaving the scene.

This night, a highly upset young man appeared at the investigative headquarters at the courthouse in Garden City to report that he might have been the last person to see the Clutter family alive. He had talked Nancy to a school affair Saturday evening. They had returned to the Clutter farmhouse at 9:30 and he had stayed about an hour, chatting with Nancy and her parents.

"Was Kenyon there, too?" asked Dewey.

"Yes. He was up in his bedroom listening to his portable radio."

"And what time did you leave?"

"About half-past ten."

"Did you see anyone listening about?" Dewey asked. "Did you meet anyone on Kenyon's road or notice a car parked near there?"

"No, sir. I just went on home and didn't know what had happened until the following morning."

Robinson had grown quiet. Something about the young man had set a new train of thought in motion. He sat back in his chair, eyes on the ceiling.

"Did you say Kenyon had taken a radio in his room?" he asked finally. The boy nodded.

"What kind of radio? Did you ever see it?"

"Sure. I remember when Kenyon got it. It was a really nice portable, six-cord and a very handsome case. He kept it on the table by the bed."

Robinson was silent again. They he

said, "Okay, son. You can go now. If you remember anything that might help us, let us know."

After he was gone, the sheriff turned to Dewey. "Do you remember a radio in that room?"

The agent said he did not. The officers left Garden City and drove to the Clutter farmhouse, which had been locked securely. Robinson took a key and let himself into the foyer. Followed by Dewey, he went directly to the boy's bedroom. One look told him the story. No portable radio was in the room.

Had the killer or killers passed up a haul of more valuable items to take only a table radio? The investigators could not reason to doubt the young man who had visited Nancy Clutter. A table radio was played on the night that he was at the Clutter home and the night that the family was killed. Where was it now?

Dewey and Robinson searched the house quickly, then went to Clutter's office and the garage. They found no table radio anywhere.

The officers returned to Garden City deep in thought. They made out reports describing the missing radio, and early the next morning police throughout Kansas and Colorado canvassed pawnshops for it.

As the investigation moved into its third day without a break in sight, a feeling of fear mingled with the relief which gripped the tiny farm community of Holcomb and nearby Garden City. Farmers who for years never had locked their doors, descended on hardware stores to search for locks, pins and ammunition.

While the agents puzzled their probe into grief-stricken communities passed on Wednesday to honor and bury their dead. More than 1,200 persons crowded into every seat, aisle and wing of the church to witness the mass funeral. KSI Agent Dewey, as an old family friend, was one of the pallbearers.

When the Clutter family buried, Dewey again pushed the investigation at full speed. The rope samples were taken to every store which sold such merchandise in the county, with disappointing results. The rope was a peculiar piece of material, and so the investigation, the officers learned. Two places carried such rope, but the store owners refused anyone to whom they had sold it.

A round-up of known criminals who had contacted the Clutter family was the next step. Two were detailed to this work, which mounted inquiry

as prisons and jails, as well as various police headquarters, as far east as Kansas City and as far west as Denver, Colorado.

The dozens of leads grew to hundreds. A bloody shirt was found 50 miles away in a ditch. Investigation found it to be the covering used by a hunter to protect the body of a dead pheasant. Two shoeprints were reported stolen from a car in Dodge City. Agents went into the car and solved the theft, without trying it in with the slaying. Working in two-man teams, the investigators sent out stake-out parties seeking help. Reports of stolen cars were run down every day. The case file grew.

Two on December 16, Sheriff Robinson received a telephone call from a resident of Holcomb. He had passed the abandoned Clutter place in his car and saw a man run from the house toward the barn, he said.

Robinson and Deputy Sheriff Mickey Hawkins sped to the farm and pulled into the yard as quietly as possible. They got out and circled the house cautiously, watching the barn.

The sheriff opened a small door that led into a passageway beside several stalls. He told the animals had been removed. The barn was dark and silent except for the peevish wind that whined through wall cracks. With the silence and much of the machinery moved out, the cavernous building echoed every sound. The sheriff and Hawkins slipped inside and closed the door behind them. A kind of twilight descended on them, and they waited for a moment adjusting to the dim light.

THEY heard a thumping sound then. It came from the other side of the barn and they moved in its direction. The sound increased. Robinson was the first to enter the open doorway when he drew back and pointed.

A man sat on a work bench staring at the wall, his head against the wall. His foot against the side of the bench, accounting for the thumping noise. Robinson had not noticed the officers.

Robinson and Hawkins stepped toward him, but the man turned and turned with the quickness of an animal. He sprang from the bench without his hands touching it. A pistol was strapped around his waist.

In the dim light, he looked warily at the two men.

"Keep your hand away from that gun," Hawkins said.

"I ain't touchin' it," the man said. "Who are you?"

"We're police officers."

"The man's eyes narrowed. He said nothing.

"Now I'm going to walk up to you and remove that gun," Hawkins said. "The sheriff here is going to take care of you if you make a wrong move."

"Sure," the man replied.

Hawkins removed the gun and directed the man to a nearby door. Outside, he was hustled to the sheriff's car.

Hawkins got in his car with him and Robinson and in front.

The sheriff turned to face the man. "Now, who are you?" he asked.

"Ed Davis."

He was a roughish man who appeared to be in his late 30s. A short, heavy man, James Joseph, his tall frame. He had several days' growth of beard.

"You cowards?" Robinson asked. "Scum."

"What were you doing with that pass?"

"Target shooting." Davis said. "I like to shoot at things." His glance wandered to the parole which looked for-fiddling in the color of an overcoat. "Lots of things to shoot out there."

"You from around these parts?" the sheriff asked.

"Just drifting."

"What were you doing in that barn?"

"Curse-telling around. That's where them folks was killed, ain't it?"

"How did you get here?"



Richard Eugene Hickock, whose boots had a distinctive design

"Walked some. Rode some when folks would give me a ride. I walked over here from Highway 1615."

Robinson started the motor and drove onto the dirt road that led to the highway.

"Wait a minute," Davis said. "I got something to tell you."

Robinson jammed on the brakes. "Well?"

"First, what are you fellows going to do with me?"

"Take you to Garden City and put you in a warm cell. That's better than walking the highway."

"That's what I thought you were going to do," Davis said. "I didn't quite tell the truth back there. I got a car parked up the road a way. Back the other direction."

"What was the idea of lying about it?" Robinson asked. He turned the car around. "We'd have found it sooner or later."

Davis remained silent. In a moment they rounded a curve. An automobile stood at the side of the road, one wheel in a shallow ditch. Robinson looked at the car. The driver's door was open. Lying on the floor were a shotgun and a hunting knife. The gun was a twelve gauge, the same type that the killer had used.

Hawkins picked up the gun carefully and missed the barrel. It had been fired recently. He placed both gun and knife in the sheriff's car.

HALF an hour later Davis and the two officers were at the sheriff's office in Garden City.

The officers hammered questions at him. Davis insisted that he simply was a drifter who had visited the farm out of curiosity.

"Okay. We'll give you a night in a cell to think about it," Robinson stood up. "You can furnish an alibi for November fifteenth."

"Sure. Sure I can. I was in Kansas City. I remember."

Robinson menaced him to the door, where a deputy waited to book him and place him in a cell. "You memory's too good, Davis. The sheriff said the tall man went through the doorway."

Davis stopped. "Maybe it is pretty good. I could tell you I was in a barroom one night in Joplin. It's one of the reasons I wanted to see that film."

Robinson signaled to the deputy to wait. "Go ahead."

This fellow in the bar had been in the Kansas City and had said one of the inmates talked a lot about having worked on Clutter's farm. He told the case this guy Clutter was loaded and kept a stack of money in his safe in his house."

Hickock's friend, Parry Edward Smith, who mailed him a trap



Holmes reported Davis' story to DeLozier. If it is true that a prisoner had circulated such a story among the convicts, one of them could have been released and gone to Hickock, heard by the farmer's legendary wealth.

It sounds too fantastic to be true, but we'll soon find out," Sanford said. He and other agents promptly left for the Kansas State Prison at Lansing.

There they learned that one of the prisoners actually had been a farmhand on the Clutter ranch in 1946. The officers questioned the convict, who sheepishly admitted that he often had talked of the "rich wheat farmer with a well safe full of money."

The prisoner could remember all the convicts who had heard his story, but he was able to supply the agents with a few names. The new lead was put under strict security.

TWO of the men whose names the convict supplied had been paroled shortly before the family massacre. Prison records listed them as Perry Edward Smith, 31, of Las Vegas, Nevada, and Richard Eugene Hickock, 28, of Edgerton, Kansas.

A search for them was instigated. Davis was released and agents went to the home of Hickock's parents. There they learned that Richard was away—and that he had bought a pair of boots in Olathe a short time earlier. The agents got an identical pair of boots.

And, after discovered, the markings on the soles matched the diamond design found on the bloody mattress box.

Was this vague lead of a convict's boast going to pay off? Hickock's parents talked freely to the agents. They said that Richard and Smith had been in Edgerton on Novem-

ber 14 and had left that same day, ostensibly for Fort Scott where Smith had said he was going to pick up \$2,500 his sister had been keeping for him. A fax call revealed that Smith had no sister in Fort Scott.

The new lead continued to be kept a secret. Agent Harold Mey went word to police in Las Vegas to canvass all of Smith's known hangouts. This led nowhere. Then a break came. A small, dark-skinned, dressed in the hurried manner arrived at a general-delivery box at the Las Vegas post office. The box was postmarked out of Mexico City. The post office was placed under constant surveillance.

Dewey and Mey talked cautiously to all the ex-convicts they could find in Pinney County. At last they heard what they wanted to. Smith and Hickock had been seen in Garden City early in November.

Shortly after noon on December 30, two men walked into the Las Vegas post office and sauntered up to the window marked "General Delivery." The shorter of the two asked a package addressed to Perry Smith. Minutes later he was in custody and in a cell at the Las Vegas police station. So was his companion, Hickock. Both men were booked on charges of violating their Kansas parole and Detective Lieutenant B. J. Sanderson of the Las Vegas bureau quickly noticed Sanford in Topeka.

Minutes later the phone lines to Garden City were hot. "Round up Clarence Duntis, Church and the sheriff, and get started for Las Vegas. They have Smith and Hickock," Sanford told Dewey.

The agents set out on the 780-mile trip, hoping against hope that this was the break they'd been waiting for.

Sunday night, after more than six-

teen hours of questioning, the authorities claim, Hickock broke down. Agent Duntis said, "All right. I can't go on. I did it; we both did it; we killed them."

In the next few hours, the officers say, he dictated in an official reporter a six-page statement filled in the details of the warlike and brutal quadruple slaughter.

Hickock has made a statement, but Smith refuses to confirm or deny anything. Dewey told Attorney West in Garden City by long-distance telephone.

"Okay. Start back this way and I'll get the warrants ready," West replied. The warrants, charging both men with four counts of first-degree murder, were issued by Pinney County Judge M. C. Schrader the following morning. Meanwhile, the agents, in two-man teams with a prisoner in each car, started the return trip to Garden City despite heavy snow warnings.

AS THE motoreads battled snow and ice, the two men returned the wanted pair to the scene of the slaying. West released bits of the Hickock statement, which Dewey had read to him over the telephone. According to these releases, the ex-convict had related the following version of the crime.

He and Smith had heard the prison talk of the "wealthy wheat farmer and the money-loaded wall safe," and had planned to break in to rob the place. The two of them had entered the Clutter home shortly after midnight and herded the family into an upstairs bathroom while they searched the house. Unable to find the wall safe, they tied the family one by one with the cord and forced Clutter and his son down into the basement. There they tried again to make Clutter reveal the

whereabouts of the safe, despite his pleas and protests that no safe existed.

Monday night, less than 24 hours after Hickock had made his statement, West revealed to the press that he had received a second telephone call from the KKK agents, telling him that Smith had given them an oral admission of the crime.

Agents went to the home of Hickock's parents in Edgerton where they claim, they recovered a .44, .12-caliber-gauge shotgun and a knife which have been identified as the death weapons.

At nine minutes after six p. m. Wednesday, January 6, exactly one week after their arrest, the two men, their wrists shackled to heavy chains around their waists, were led from the two mud-spattered KKK cars and up the walk to the Pinney County courthouse.

The tired agents met with newsmen to give further details.

"They went back to Edgerton and Kansas City after the slayings," Dewey said, "then drove to Mexico City where they sold the stolen radio." The radio was recovered by Agent Ney and held for evidence.

"Smith talked freely. He told us that the Clutters had pleaded for their lives before they were shot," Dewey said. "They said they killed the whole family because they didn't want any witnesses."

The following morning, January 7, 1959, Smith and Hickock were led from the jail to the third-floor courtroom to appear before Judge Schrader. Both men waived the right to a preliminary hearing. They were returned to their cells and at this writing are awaiting further action on the charges.

The name Ed Davis is fictitious in this story.

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## Trailing Ohio's Love Sniper (from page 32)

light. But they could not wait for the morning and the clues it might reveal.

The normally quiet neighborhood—no hotel according to local residents—was stirred with the knowledge of terror as police knocked on doors and asked questions. No one could remember anything that was not unusual in view of the holiday festivities and preparations going on in the area. Every living room, too, winter forced most windows shut and with early darkness, few people were on the streets. No one had seen the sniper, or any suspicious figure, frantically traveling through the night.

On one thing all of Charles Clark's neighbors were agreed. In the words of one man, "He was too nice a guy to have enemies. A nut must be on the loose." The police received more pleas for protection than valuable clues. "You've got to catch the sniper or we'll all be killed!"

This fear was reflected by Mrs. Clark, who worried for the safety of her own life and those of her four children, Larry, thirteen; Carol, twelve; Steve, nine; and Terry, seven. It was a fear that deepened as the hours passed and the police came so close to finding a clue to the mysterious sniper who had killed her husband Chief Hatley and Sheriff Evans urged her to tell them anything—no matter how personal its nature—that might help.

A deep flush covered her cheeks. "Chief," she said, "I don't know how to tell you this. It wasn't that I didn't love Charles—"

**OFFICERS** soon were knocking on the door of an apartment on South State Street in Painesville. The apartment was occupied by a man named Floyd R. Hargrove, known as Gene to his family and friends.

Hargrove's place was dark, however. Other residents of the building said they knew nothing of his whereabouts. His former boss, Earl Brown, living in Euclid, in suburban Cleveland, with her five children.

"We can wait for him," said Evans. The wait was brief. Hargrove returned only three hours after Clark had fallen mortally wounded in the kitchen of his Mentor home. He expressed surprise at the reception and he quickly said that he was willing to go to the sheriff's office for questioning.

A quick search of the apartment uncovered no evidence of a gun. However, deputies noticed that Hargrove had widely different interests in his home. Beside a Bible and a number of religious tracts was a stack of girly books.

At the county jail, Hargrove was hustled into Evans' office for questioning. Mrs. Clark was waiting as he went through the doors. They did not look at each other.

"Hargrove, we understand you and Mrs. Clark have been seeing each other for the last eight months," said Chief Hatley. "Do you admit it?"

"Yes," came the reply. "But we stopped five or six weeks ago because it was both an emotional and spiritual strain on each of us."

"When did you visit the Clark home last?"

"On Wednesday I went there to have a talk with Chuck. It was about a business deal. In my spare time, I went into a business for myself, a carpet-cleaning business. At the time, I was making 10 per cent of all the business that would come in from his having the members of the Boy Scout troop pass out my business cards."

"Do you own a rifle or an air gun?" asked Evans.

"No, I don't know anything about guns," Hargrove twined nervously in his chair but his replies were steady and in a level voice.

"Where were you at half-past six?" asked Hatley.

"Driving around. I had dinner at John Omenka's home. He's part owner of the cleaner's job. Then I left there and went to see some friends in Kirtland Hills. I had a drink there and then drove to Euclid to see Beverly and the kids for Christmas. I took some presents to the kids."

"You were driving around at half-past six?"

"That's right. I guess I was somewhere between Omenka's home and Kirtland Hills. Where was I left you?"

Evans and Hatley were joined by Coroner McBurney in the questioning as it dragged through the early morning hours. Hargrove turned to Hargrove's friendship with the dead man's wife.

"I knew what I did was wrong," said

It was not a merry day for the officials in the courtroom, either Hargrove and Mrs. Clark were questioned alternately by Prosecuting Attorney Edward C. Ostrander went over their stories carefully. Hargrove also was confronted by his ex-wife, Beverly. The attractive 33-year-old blonde told authorities she had walked out on Hargrove "when the hearings ended too great." She described their stormy married life and referred to Hargrove as "what you'd call a nut case and a house devil."

Hargrove placed the blame for the failure of their marriage squarely upon himself. He admitted to say "I hit her." Ostrander quoted Hargrove. "I hit her so hard that I knocked out two of her teeth and sent her to a hospital."

Mrs. Clark's account of her own mar-

Hargrove that he consent to a lie-detector test. He refused.

Further phases of the investigation, on that Christmas Day, were unclear. Two other men whose names Mrs. Clark gave the prosecutor were questioned.

One of the men placed at a string of sleeping quarters at 4-45 Christmas Eve. The other was a 30-year-old man who drove from the Clark home. The second man said he was home asleep when the shooting started. Both seemed to take lie-detector tests and were cleared.

At the County Hospital, Coroner Richard J. McBurney reported that the bullet that brought death to Charles Clark was recovered. It appeared to be a .38 Smith & Wesson caliber, 158-grain, Remington-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. bullet. It was sent to Cleveland for ballistics tests in the hope that it might prove a worthwhile clue.

On Saturday morning, the investigation took a new twist. Hargrove called the sheriff to his cell.

"I won't take the lie-detector test until I talk to Lois," he said.

Hargrove was brought into a cruiser and taken to the home where the grief-stricken Mrs. Clark was with her in-laws. Hargrove, Evans and Chief Hatley were met at the door by the elder Mrs. Clark.

Inside the home, Lois Clark faltered and leaned against the wall for support when Hargrove was brought in. Her father-in-law turned aside.

As a call was made for an ambulance for the senior Clark, Chief Hatley said, "This won't work out. We'll have to take them down to the office. Let them talk there."

The suggestion won quick agreement. For fifteen minutes, the two talked alone in Evans' office. Sheriff Evans sat restlessly on the edge of a desk, Chief Hatley and Assistant County Prosecutor John F. Clark, Jr., substituting for him as chief, watched the clock impatiently.

The officials were alert when the door opened and Lois Clark came in. She was pale and shaken. She could not talk and was led to another room where she could rest. Hargrove walked into the room where the others waited. Before anyone could speak he held out a hand.

"I need a drink," he said. "Let's have a cigarette."

**SMORE** escaped badly through his lips. He took a puff and hid the cigarette in his shoes. His eyes were thoughtful. The time was 4:35 p. m. on the day after Christmas. Slowly, Hargrove's face turned in a smile as he looked at the three men watching him.

"Do you think Lois will be allowed to keep her children?" he asked. "Is there any assurance that she will?"

The sheriff said that would be a question for others to decide and not for the police.

Hargrove smiled. Then, the officers chatted, he stood.

Then, the officers announced later, he the story Hargrove then told them: "Several months ago I found a twenty-two-caliber rifle in the better room at the apartment house. I bought a box of shells at a hardware store in Euclid. I loaded the rifle. Then I came to see Chuck until late in the afternoon on Thursday. I just decided then to tell him about the rifle. He said, 'Then I'm in my dreams.' I was just out riding around when it came to me. So I loaded the rifle. I loaded the shells and put them in the car."

"After I left Omenka's, I drove to Kirtland in Mentor. I got out of the car and walked to the Clark home. It was dark and I waited for five or ten minutes for Chuck to come into position at the kitchen door. Then I fired. After that I ran to the car."

"I drove to the end of Campbell Road in Kirtland. I got out of the car, went to the beach and threw the rifle as far as I could into the water."

When the statement they had been waiting for. All that was necessary now was to tie up the loose ends.

"When you got to the end of Camp-



Truth serum answered one question and posed another when Hargrove, supported here by Sheriff Evans and Chief Hatley, was arraigned.

Hargrove. "It was a struggle with the devil. I had a big argument with myself spiritually and I didn't feel worthy of belonging to the chapel because of it. "Lois and I first got interested in each other in April of this year. You may remember that I was a member of the church. I was doing wrong. I still had faith it would work out although I guess I knew she would never leave him. She didn't think that kind of a person. And this made me love her all the more."

While the questioning of Hargrove went on intermittently, police officers took advantage of the early morning hours to re-examine the scene of the crime by daylight. The frozen ground yielded no further clues. Searchers found no sign of the weapon used in the shooting and no trace of a shell. No torn piece of clothing remained behind to point a finger of suspicion, no footprint marked the hard ground. No eyewitness came forward to report a glimpse of the sniper. Christmas for the adults of the community was far from merry as they went about drawing blinds to avoid becoming targets at windows.

His was a pleasant contrast. Her husband earned a good living estimated at about \$10,000 a year. He was highly regarded by his employer, an electrical manufacturer, and by his neighbors and fellow church members. He was not only a devoted husband but also an ardent member in the Sunday school in which his wife reportedly was a teacher.

But Mrs. Clark was not Mrs. Clark said. "My husband and I got along very well. Everyone liked him. I admired and respected him. He was a good man, a good father and a good husband. He was a good man and married in Florida, where she had been a model."

Mrs. Clark went back to her children and to her late husband's parents, who flew from their home in Rochester, New York, to stand by her at this critical time. Hargrove stayed in jail where he was held as a material witness. He was described by Chief Hatley as "cooperative, but vague." Even after allowing generous time allowances for travel from one point to another, a crucial 20 minutes remained unaccounted for in his story. Working against the mounting fear and terror that would assuage the community, officials suggested to













placed up on an auto-theft charge. This time he went to prison for three years. Some criminals like me are not afraid of offenders much older than he was at the time. Some of these are experiments in sleep deprivation, telling him he will be good and will not rebel against the rules and conventions. Some succeed but most are treated in the prisoner's behavior while confined.

Personally I don't vary much the effect of this type of treatment. I was released from an institution. Under the conditions of confinement, subconsciously he may be able to resist and get better treatment rather than rebel and take punishment. But the mental block that caused him to do the wrong comes gradually back to him there. No such experiments were tried on this youth. He went from that prison to another and then to a third. After his second prison term it was too late.

If I appear unenthusiastic that hypnosis and psychotherapy can be of value to the adult criminal, it is because of a fatal error. I must have some contact with through my services to the police have been unwilling to change their mode of life. Whoever it is to be helped, must know that something is wrong and want to be helped.

Criminal tendencies can be compared with narcotics addiction or alcoholism. No cure exists for the addict unless he is willing to kick the habit. And the very fine Alcoholics Anonymous has found it useless to work with the alcoholic unless he can come to them sincerely. "I want to give up liquor."

**HYPNOTISM** for both addicts and alcoholics has been used very successfully in assisting them back to a normal life. Doctor Merriman Harbison, a psychiatrist from Meridian, California, has treated over 1000 women who have been a narcotics addict for thirteen years. After two months of psychotherapy combined with hypnosis, the women were cured. In addition, the use of hypnosis trances considerably reduced the maelstrom of the withdrawal period.

Again, I must state that hypnosis alone is not the answer. It is hypnosis in conjunction with psychotherapy.

I have had numerous persons come to me asking whether I could stop them from smoking, for instance, or drinking. Of course I could, temporarily.

Through post-hypnotic suggestion, I could make a cigarette taste like a piece of burning rubber. I could make the overweight person's food taste so bitter he could not swallow it.

But I refuse to do this.

The first question I ask the smoker is, "Why do you want to stop smoking?"

Answers vary, but most are along the same line. "My wife nags at me because I cough." Or, "My husband thinks I would look better thinner."

Their answers indicate they don't want to stop smoking or overeating; they simply want to stop someone from nagging at them. Without a genuine desire to rid themselves of the habit, and without some valid reason, the end result is one habit is replaced by another, possibly more offensive habit to take its place. Many smokers smoke because they are nervous. If they were not nervous, they would increase their tension. Overweight persons often eat because of insecurity. To stop them would increase their insecurity.

Hypnotism to aid the smoker, overweight person, alcoholic, addict or criminal would be useless in conjunction with or by a trained psychiatrist.

At times a patient must be forced to stop smoking or overeating in order to save his life. On the advice of competent medical doctors, I have hypnotized such patients. However, the patients have returned to their old habits. I have asked a psychiatrist to find out what caused their trouble.

It is a return to a full criminal, hypnosis and psychotherapy. Hundreds of criminals in institutions around the

country are serving their first term for some crime. As they have time to contemplate, they ask themselves, "How did I get myself into this mess?"

That is the point where the trained psychiatrist who uses hypnosis can be of the greatest service. If he can find the answer for the criminal (and I don't mean because the therapist told the boy) then he has a chance of turning the criminal to society as a member in good standing.

It isn't as easy a task as it might appear.

What makes the task of the psychologist particularly difficult is that the subject can conceal experiences even under hypnosis even though he consciously wishes to be helped.

Let me take a specific example. A good-looking young man in his late 20's was being held in jail because he had molested a little girl. He had a record of similar offenses.

"I don't know why I do it," he said. "If I had the courage, I'd kill myself."

I learned that when he was five years old with the natural curiosity of a child, he had coaxed a neighborhood girl into removing some of her clothes. The girl told her parents. They in turn told the parents who were enraged about it and beat him severely.

In addition they threatened him with jail if he ever looked at another little girl. The word got out and other youngsters teased him about it. He became an outcast.

A number of things could have resulted from this experience. Many men who are extremely bashful or are women haters can trace their trouble back to experiences like this. So-called frigid women, also, often have a background experience like this.

In the case of this young man, he blamed the girl for his trouble. She had told on him. It was her fault. His unconscious desire was determined from an unconscious desire for revenge.

My part in this case was antiseptic and I turned over the facts to a psy-

chiatrist. I had had no previous experience with hypnosis in that line of pre-birth regression. I have conducted dozens of hypnosis sessions in this line over the past fifteen years. I still have no answer for it.

My next report was about just one. It concerns a very attractive young woman who is one of my best subjects for pre-birth regression. She can place herself in any time within a few minutes. For this reason I selected her for the experiment, which was conducted in the presence of a group of a well-known newspaper columnist, shortly after the book, "The Story of Betty Martin," came out in a stir in the press. This columnist challenged me to take a person back to pre-birth regression. I had no previous experience with other subjects but never under the bright lights of a television studio or with all the restrictions of a camera crew. I turned to the audience. Therefore I warned both the columnist and the public, before starting the experiment, that I had no explanation for pre-birth regression. I do not believe in reincarnation and I do not think pre-birth regression is a valid concept. I holds any suggestion of reincarnation.

Under the television lenses, the young woman was taken back through regression to the year of 1886 (some 30 years prior to her birth) and the town of Corning, Ohio, where she said she had lived as a small child. She could see the town and the various people in it at that time.

Naturally following the broadcast a great fury followed to determine if the things she had described while under hypnosis were accurate. Some discrepancies arose. She had named the town newspaper incorrectly. However, a closer investigation showed that it had used the name she had given at the time. Almost the same thing happened when she named the main street in Corning. The name had changed. She described a small creek running through the town. It wasn't there. But it had been there in 1886 and had dried up.

**THE** columnist insisted upon another session. This time he was prepared. He had pictures of the town of Corning and telephone connections direct to the town with some of its residents who had been there for many years.

While she was under hypnosis, I showed her a picture of the picture. She recognized them, but asked what the peculiar lines were in them. She was unwilling to telephone with the town residents. She remarked on the odd wagons without horses—automobiles.

The columnist kept up a running conversation with her, but she refused to talk through a long-distance telephone. Apparently the subject had made nine mistakes in names, persons, places and things in the town.

A thorough investigation showed that the subject never lived in the picture of Ohio, in her lifetime, she knew of no one who ever had lived there and never knew of anyone who mentioned the town or its inhabitants.

Following the broadcast, another investigation was conducted. Each of the mistakes was checked. It had been said wrong was checked.

She was not wrong. Every point was proved to be correct. The only error was the memory of the odd wagons was incorrect.

It was so possible that she could recall under hypnosis things that had taken place before she was born? How could the memories she never had seen or been told of?

I have no answer. Perhaps memory patterns may be passed on at birth. But here again we are up against an unexplainable situation. We cannot find that any of the relatives ever lived in Corning, Ohio.

If this is disappointing to you as a reader, I am sorry. But here again, I think how disappointing it is to the persons who are engaging in this field of pre-birth regression.



At the sneak bar of the theater Maryann visited the night she died, an usher said head-jockeyed Elmo Smith had been there too [Page 21]

Nothing was wrong with him physically. He had gone to psychiatrists and they had been unable to help him.

"He readily agreed to submit to hypnosis. I'll do anything," he said. "There isn't anyone who hates himself as much as I do."

He proved to be a good subject. In just a few sessions, I was able to place him in the somnambulistic (deep stage) of hypnosis. We went back through his life using the regression method.

About three sessions, I noted one peculiarity that was evident in each questioning period. He readily could recall incidents when he was six years old and four. But invariably he slipped the fifth year.

Without placing him under hypnosis, I asked him about this. What had happened when he was five years old which he refused to recall? What was he hiding from me and himself?

At first he insisted it was nothing. Finally he blurted out, "That's what I hid. That's why I started this horrible thing that has been plaguing me all of my life."

When last I heard, the young man was living a very normal life and I have every confidence that he will have no more uncontrollable urges.

Again we must be aware that the young man wanted help. He decided to rid himself of the criminal tendency.

Locating the mental block that caused the gunman, burglar or killer to turn away from the normal social behavior pattern will not help him if his only desire is not to be captured because of his crime. Nor will it help the inmate of a prison whose only desire is freedom to rob or kill again.

Possibly these men, who are completely lost. A psychiatrist working with them long enough might be able to change their attitudes and instill in them a desire to become a part of society. But the services of these psychiatrists are so deeply needed by those who want help that I consider it a waste of time to work with these lost causes.

The psychologist and the hypnotist do not have all the answers. One of the most baffling questions I have come up against in the many years I have





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